

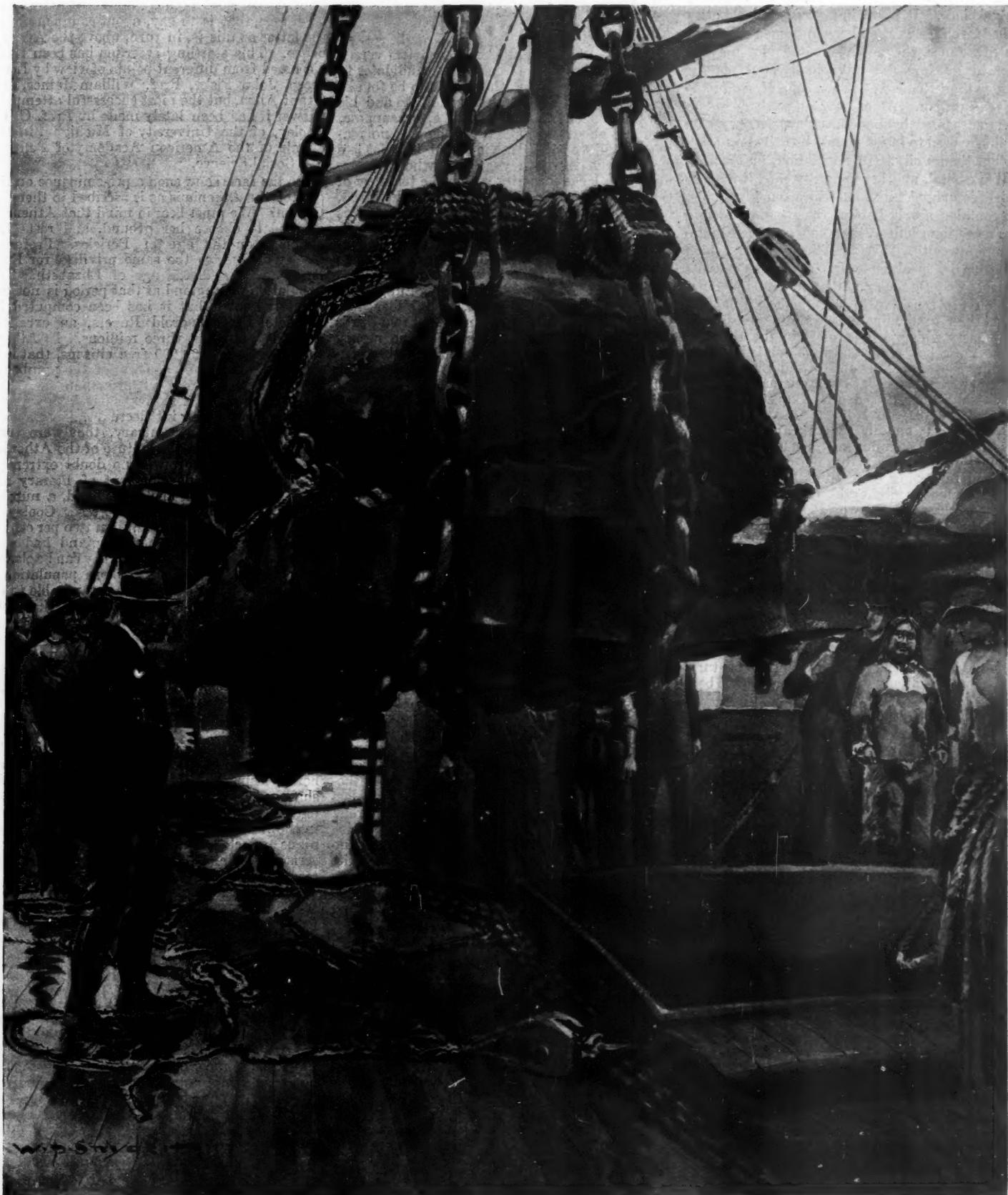
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PRICE TEN CENTS.



LIFTING THE HUNDRED-TON METEORITE, BROUGHT BY LIEUT. PEARY FROM THE ARCTIC REGION,
FROM THE HOLD OF THE "HOPE."



521-547 West Thirteenth St., 518-524 West Fourteenth St.,
NEW YORK CITY.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1897.

THE MAYORALTY FIGHT IN THE
GREATER NEW YORK.

THERE have been Presidential elections, which, within the area comprised in the Greater New York, have aroused less interest than is taken in the result of the approaching vote for the chief magistrate of the new municipality. There are cogent reasons for the excitement which is already exhibited, and which is certain to become intensified before the balloting takes place. It is an imposing political entity whose welfare is at stake. Without rhetorical extravagance, the newly created city may be termed an imperial municipality. It is far larger than Rome was in the time of Augustus or of Aurelian. Among existing urban centers it is surpassed by London alone, which, as De Quincey used to insist, should be called a nation rather than a city. In population, in accumulative capital, and in public revenue, it may be fairly compared with some European kingdoms. It contains nearly half of the population, and far more than half of the wealth, of the Empire commonwealth. The political party, which controls it, is almost certain to preponderate in those contiguous counties and inland cities which are sensitive to metropolitan influence, and thus to dominate the State legislature. The party which is uppermost in the State of New York has almost always carried the adjoining States of New Jersey and Connecticut, and has consequently been a factor of tremendous weight in a Presidential contest. In 1796, in 1800, in 1824, in 1844, in 1848, in 1860, in 1876, in 1880, and in 1884, the position taken by the Empire commonwealth was decisive. It is inevitable, therefore, that the eyes of thoughtful and far-seeing men throughout the United States—and we might add, throughout the civilized world, since the world is interested in our tariff—should be fixed upon the outcome of a contest which, although ostensibly local, cannot fail to have a direct and probably irresistible effect upon the Presidential election of 1900. The party which shall gain possession of the municipal machinery and vast patronage of Greater New York will have taken a long step toward the capture of the Presidency, and toward the power of shaping Federal legislation in the first years of the twentieth century.

Under the circumstances, it should have been recognized from the outset that to keep the chief national issues out of the canvass would be impossible. To divorce municipal from national politics would doubtless be a consummation much to be desired, if it were practicable, but it is an ideal not to be attained, when the city in question is the pivot of the political oscillations of the nation. The utmost that the friends of good municipal government can hope to accomplish, under the conditions which govern the relations of the Greater New York to the Union, is to secure the selection of upright and capable candidates for municipal offices by each of the chief political parties. Such a deduction from insuperable facts ought to have been, as we have said, patent to everybody from the start; but that this was not the case is evident, seeing that no fewer than five candidates are in the field, and that two of these were avowedly chosen on the theory that national politics should and could be shut out of a municipal election. Of this idea Mr. Low is the most distinct representative, but Mr. Van Wyck also, the nominee of Tammany Hall, has been provided with a platform in which the same assumption is embodied, owing to the refusal of that organization to reaffirm the programme adopted by the national Democracy of Chicago in 1896. Had Mr. Low and Mr. Van Wyck been the only candidates to choose from—we pass over Mr. Gleason because he can only hope to divert a part of the Democratic vote in a single borough, Queens—the question for the individual citizen could have been narrowed to one of good municipal government. Such a

state of things would be, we repeat, desirable in itself, but it can never be realized in this particular instance, owing to the close and indestructible connection of the Greater New York with the State and with the Nation. The friends of Mr. McKinley, of sound money, and of a protective tariff, quickly perceived that their prospects of success in 1900 would be jeopardized if they suffered the great municipality now to pass into hostile or indifferent non-partisan hands. Similar conclusions were soon arrived at by the friends of Mr. Bryan—who profess to constitute the bulk of the rank and file of the metropolitan Democracy. The result of this awakening to the ultimate significance of the mayoralty contest was the nomination of General Tracy by the Republicans, and that of Henry George by a large number of Democratic organizations. These men personify respectively the principles which were opposed to one another in the last Presidential campaign; and the signs are that, as election day draws near, it will be more and more clearly seen that, once more, the question to be settled at the ballot-box is that of McKinleyism versus Bryanism. Were the other three candidates to withdraw, thus leaving the contest to be fought out between the McKinleyite candidate and his Bryanite opponent, there could be, we suppose, no doubt about the outcome. There is no reason to believe that McKinleyism is a jot less strong than it was a year ago, when it commanded a large majority within the territory of the Greater New York. There is no likelihood, however, that Mr. Low will retire, and it is absolutely certain that Mr. Van Wyck will remain a candidate. It follows that the McKinleyite forces will be divided, and that the same thing will be true of those who voted for Bryan in 1896. If Mr. Low should succeed in getting half of the McKinley vote, and either Mr. George or Mr. Van Wyck should get two-thirds of the Bryan vote, the cause of sound money and of a protective tariff would have been defeated at a vital strategic point. If, on the other hand, General Tracy should receive two-thirds of the McKinley vote, and the Bryan vote should be distributed pretty evenly between Mr. George and Mr. Van Wyck, the cause of sound money would have gained a second and probably conclusive victory in the pivotal city of the Union.

One thing seems certain, that Mr. Low, owing to the emergence of a sharply accented issue between McKinleyism and Bryanism, cannot be elected mayor of the Greater New York. He is in a position which must seem to him unwelcome and unfortunate, though it ought not to be unexpected. Could he have been the candidate of the Republican party—and it seems that with the exercise of some discretion and tact on his part he might have been—he would have had a bright hope of success; as a mere subtractor of votes from the McKinleyite column, he will be capable of mischief only, and has no chance of heading the poll. In the face of the situation, the question for Mr. Low's friends to consider is whether they deem the tender of a complimentary vote to their candidate a better discharge of civic duty than would be an emphatic renewal of devotion to the political and monetary principles personified last year in Mr. McKinley, and in General Tracy to-day. When pondering the answer which they shall make to this inquiry, they will do well to remember that, even from their favorite viewpoint of municipal interests, General Tracy would make an admirable official. He has given proof of his ability and of his determination to serve the people faithfully in the office of United States District-Attorney in Brooklyn, and in that of Secretary of the Navy in Mr. Harrison's administration. He is, moreover, peculiarly qualified to conduct the new municipal government, because, as chairman of the Commission appointed to frame the charter, he knows what was intended by every clause and phrase of that remarkably capacious, elaborate and complex document. No other resident of Greater New York is so competent to construe and carry out its provisions according to the letter and the spirit. It is plain, therefore, that, if General Tracy shall obtain a majority of the votes cast on November 2, not only the cause of McKinleyism, but that of good civic government, will have been upheld. On the other hand, Bryanism would secure a whole triumph through the success of Mr. George, and a half triumph through the victory of the Tammany candidate.

GREAT MEN: THE CONDITIONS OF
THEIR DEVELOPMENT.

It will be remembered that Francis Galton in his book on "Hereditary Genius" maintained that the number of illustrious men a race is capable of producing from a given population may be used as a criterion of the ability of the race. Social and historical conditions he held to be no more than disturbing forces in the career of genius. Such conditions might, he said, hasten or retard its success, but on the whole "few who possess very high abilities can fail in achieving eminence." Starting from this premise he proceeded to estimate the comparative work of different races according to the number of great men they have produced, without attempting to compare their histories or to take account of their stage of social development. He arrived at the conclusion that the average ability of the Athenian race was at least two grades higher than that of the English race, that is to say, about as much above the latter as this is, in turn, above the African negro. This startling assertion has been since discussed from different points of view by Lombroso, John Fiske, Prof. William James, and Grant Allen, but the most successful attempt to answer it has been lately made by Prof. C. H. Cooley, of the University of Michigan, in the annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.

Do the facts show such a pre-eminence on the part of the Athenians as is ascribed to them by Galton? We must bear in mind that Athens is allowed to choose her ground, and rests her claims upon the age of Pericles. Professor Cooley challenges the same privilege for England, and selects the age of Elizabeth. The population of England at that period is not accurately known, but it has been computed by the late Prof. Thorold Rogers, an excellent authority, at about three millions. In Athens there were about 90,000 free citizens, that is to say, less than three per cent of the number of the English folk in the Elizabethan era. The free Athenian citizens, however, were all educated; nor was their intellectual training a mere smattering; on the contrary, they were thoroughly initiated in the culture of the Athenian people, which culture was no doubt extremely favorable to the development of literary and artistic genius. On the other hand, a number of facts are adduced by Professor Cooley to demonstrate that not more than two per cent of the people of Elizabethan England had such opportunities for culture that they can be classed in this respect with the free-born population of Attica. Another circumstance favorable to the Athenians should be kept in view; the evolution of literary and artistic genius is greatly stimulated by access to great centers of culture. Now the Athenians were all practically inhabitants of one great town, whereas London in the time of Elizabeth was hard to reach and not much of a place when you got there. Due allowance being made for these things, and the conditions other than race being assumed to be nearly equal in the two cases, Professor Cooley undertakes to produce for England a list of men born within the century beginning 1550 which shall be by no means ridiculous, even when compared with that which Galton gives for Athens in the fifth century B.C. The fourteen Athenians selected were Themistocles, Miltiades, Aristides, Cimon, Pericles, Thucydides, Socrates, Xenophon, Plato, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, and Phidias. The fourteen Englishmen set against them are Cromwell, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, Shakespeare, Bacon, Ben Jonson, Spenser, Milton, Bunyan, Dryden, Locke, Hobbes, Jeremy Taylor, and Sir Isaac Newton. Professor Cooley submits that, however opinions may differ regarding these two lists, few will say that the Englishmen are outclassed. It is true that when we undertake to formulate opinions on the subject we encounter on one side the prejudice of race, but this is probably counterbalanced, if not outweighed, by the prejudice of education. The writings of the Greeks have long been the school-books of Europe, whereas the fame of Shakespeare is still young, and only within the present century has he come to be regarded as the peer of the great classic authors. Even if, then, we accept Galton's method of comparison, we find but small foundation for his judgment that the average ability of the Athenian race was, on the lowest possible estimate, nearly two grades higher than that of

the English race, that is to say, about as much above our race as we are above the negroes.

There seems to be no doubt, moreover, that Galton's method of comparison was fallacious. In his argument it is assumed that we have an equation of two variable quantities, one of which being determined, namely the number of great men, we can determine the other, that is, race ability. Professor Cooley finds it easy to prove, however, that there are other unknown quantities entering into this equation, the presence of which vitiates the reasoning. For example, it is a familiar fact that in the case of one and the same race a given generation may be rich in famous men, while another, a little earlier or later, is quite barren of them. This was true of Athens and it has been equally true of Italy and of England. Neither is the phenomenon explicable by any change in the race itself. The Athenians were as homogeneous in the sixth, fourth, third, or even second century, B.C., as they were in the fifth. There has been no change of race in Italy since the thirteenth century; and there was no marked alteration of ethnic stock in England between the Angevin times and the eighteenth century. All the evidence we have in our possession indicates that the natural characteristics of a race are comparatively stable, and that it takes a long time as a rule to transform them into something different. It is therefore impossible to explain the instances of rapid rise and decadence of which history is full by saying that they are due to changes in the breed. Neither can we attribute to some occult action of the laws of selection the well-known fact that a given people does ostensibly increase in natural ability of an artistic sort up to a fixed date and then as rapidly decline. Such was the case with Italy, which previously to the thirteenth century produced no great painters; in the thirteenth century seven were born; in the fourteenth, seven; in the fifteenth, thirty-eight, of whom twenty-two belonged to the last half; in the sixteenth, twenty-three, of whom fourteen fell in the first half. The real pre-eminence of the period from 1450 to 1550 is, however, but faintly suggested by figures, and is better brought out by the fact that within the compass of nine years were born the three painters generally deemed the greatest ever produced, Titian, Michael Angelo and Raphael. The odds against such a remarkable grouping being due to mere chance or to any mysterious operation of the laws of selection would be so great that Professor Cooley, for his part, refuses to attribute the phenomenon to any such causes. A similar problem is posed by a study of the Dutch and Flemish painters, nearly all the great ones having been born between 1550 and 1650. To account for these and similar facts, one of two assumptions must be made; first, that the natural ability of races undergoes rapid changes in degree and kind owing to the action of forces as yet unknown; or, secondly, that the appearance of famous men is dependent upon conditions other than race. The second assumption is so much simpler and agrees so much better with known data that Professor Cooley does not hesitate to accept it. He recognizes, however, that, accepting it, he must also admit that able races produce at all times a considerable number and variety of men of genius, of whom only a few encounter the favorable conditions that enable them to achieve fame. He would compare, in other words, the current of racial or national genius to a river, a great part of the flow of which is under ground. We know that a river may find its way through a subterranean channel, and so the genius of a race may persist, though fame, which is its outward seal and visible crown, cease to be present.

What are the conditions favorable to the evolution of greatness? Professor Cooley finds it easy to show that in the case of painting, for example, a number of conditions other than natural ability must concur before excellence can exist. There must be first a perfect technique achieved by the accumulated experience of many generations, and kept alive and promulgated by a succession of masters. This technique cannot be learned from books or by looking at finished pictures; the attainment of it comes from personal contact and from a long training which begins in childhood. Studio traditions are only to be acquired in a studio. The great painters were made apprentice when eight or ten years old, and for a long time would be contented to watch their master and copy his methods as carefully as possible. So general

was this practice and so painstaking the imitation that it has frequently proved impossible for connoisseurs to distinguish the work of the pupils from that of the master. A second and indispensable condition is manifestly an art-atmosphere, that is to say, a widespread and unaffected interest in the creation of beauty. This art-atmosphere is in itself a social product, and usually grows with the growth of art, being in part its effect, and in part its cause. Little can be done in any line of work without appreciation, and artists and poets, being exceptionally sensitive, can least of all do without it: where the people around them are indifferent and cold, they must needs flock together and create an atmosphere of their own. In the third place, it has been contended, and Professor Cooley regards the position as well taken, that no very great art has been produced except where there was an aspiring and successful general life, furnishing symbols that spoke to a common enthusiasm. Stimulated by such an enthusiasm, art raises the symbols to the highest types of beauty. The general life, and the symbols which stand for it, may be religious, as was the case with the earlier medieval painters, or they may be political, or they may be political and religious conjoined, as was the case, no doubt, with much of the greatest art in Athens. Professor Cooley would not say that these are all the essential conditions of great art, but they certainly figure among them, and help us to understand the unquestionable fact that the evolution of artistic genius is dependent upon historical tendencies and the spirit of the time. The same principles of development that apply to painting hold good, *mutatis mutandis*, in the case of literature, though here grouping is not so conspicuous. In the case of science there has been since the Reformation a regular and constant advance of verifiable knowledge in which all civilized nations have participated. Since the invention of printing and the consequent diffusion of books, the scientific men of all countries may be said to have formed a single, coöperating group, enabled to coöperate by the facilities of communication and by the exact and verifiable character of their work. An atmosphere is as essential in science as in art, but in the case of the former it is purely intellectual and depends relatively little upon personal contact.

The conclusion arrived at by Professor Cooley is that estimates of the work of races, based upon the number and grades of eminent men they produce, have no scientific justification, unless it be possible to eliminate the social conditions that have quite as much to do with the matter as has race. Such elimination is usually impossible. To show in a general way the power of historical forces is easy, but to take exact account of them, to predict their future operations, and to show just how they differ in different times and countries, is as yet out of the question. For the present the relation between genius and fame, that is to say, between the quantity of genius existing in a people and the emergence or recognition of it, may be represented with sufficient accuracy by the comparison of a farmer sowing mixed seeds in a furrow which traverses a great variety of soils. Here many will come up and flourish; there, none; and there again, only those of a certain sort. The seed-bag is the race; the soils are historical conditions other than race; the seed is genius; and the crop is fame.

EDUCATION FOR WOMEN IN ENGLAND.

IT will be remembered that, not long ago, the English university of Cambridge rejected the proposal to give young women who bore the test of examination the diploma of Bachelor of Arts instead of a certificate which, relatively, possesses but little commercial value. The refusal was acclaimed by the male undergraduates in such a boisterous and odious way as to excite a reaction in favor of the young women, and *COLLIER'S WEEKLY* published a cartoon which reflected the drift of public sentiment on the subject. There was also a feeling that Cambridge had shown herself unreasonably conservative in the matter, seeing that the proposal was, in no sense, an innovation. The B.A. degree is conferred on women by the universities of London and Durham, by the Scotch universities of Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Glasgow and St. Andrew's, and the Royal University of Ireland. There was no avowed purpose of

admitting eventually women to membership of the university senate, or to a share in the government of academical institutions. The only thing aimed at was to bestow an intelligible instead of an unintelligible mark of proficiency in certain studies. Under the circumstances, it seemed preposterous that Cambridge should repel the request of women for a regular degree.

There is, however, another side to the question, and it is set forth with considerable force in the current number of the *Forum* by Mr. Oscar Browning, who is a lecturer on history at the University of Cambridge and an authoritative writer on the higher education of women. He asserts that the persons who voted against the application of women for degrees did not lay much stress on the difference between a diploma and a certificate, but desired to express their conviction that the education of men and women should not be the same, and that the university should not be opened to both sexes indiscriminately. The fundamental question at issue, therefore, concerned the kind of education which ought to be given to women, and it is this which Mr. Browning sets himself to discuss. There is among English women themselves some difference of opinion on this point, which shows itself even among those who insist upon sharing the opportunities of instruction afforded by a university. At Cambridge, not only are the lectures of university professors open to women, but the same thing is true of the lectures given in the several colleges, and women have also been admitted, since 1881, to the public examinations in the university. Nevertheless, the two women's colleges, Girton and Newnham, which are affiliated to Cambridge University, do not agree touching the studies which ought to constitute the feminine curriculum. Girton insists upon a knowledge of Greek as a condition of admission, and a further study of that language is encouraged. Newnham prescribes no such requisite for entrance, and disapproves of compulsory Greek, even for men.

The problem, indeed, involved in the formulation of an ideal education for women has never been worked out. Perhaps the most authoritative of recent pronouncements on the subject is that quoted in the *Forum* from the well known scholar, Dr. Westcott, at present Bishop of Durham. In a letter to Bishop Selwyn, he expresses the belief that the education of women ought to be adapted, both as regards its general scope and its details, to the disciplining and developing of their peculiar endowments. A perfect woman, he says, is distinct in type from a perfect man. It is, in his judgment, undeniable that women are constitutionally different from men, that they have peculiar gifts, and that the moral and intellectual powers which the two sexes have in common are, for the most part, combined in them in different proportions, and tend to form different characters. He holds it equally incontrovertible that education is designed to train the whole personality, and not any one part of it, and to give as natural and complete and harmonious an expression as possible to the sum of the student's powers. Granting the soundness of these premises, we cannot avoid Dr. Westcott's deductions; namely, that, if the honor course at an English university has been carefully designed to meet the special powers and needs of men, it must just so far fail to meet the special powers and needs of women. It follows, also, that, if a woman is forced to submit to conditions which have been laid down not only without consideration of her requirements, but in view of other requirements, she must suffer. Dr. Westcott's conclusion is that whatever intellectual gain women may have found in the Cambridge course has been secured at a high cost, and not without loss. Mr. Browning, we observe, concurs in the opinion that it would be a misfortune were the education of women to be fixed, for the future, on the same lines as that of men.

But what proof is there, it may be asked, that a university education is not as well adapted to women as to men, seeing that the former have been able to attain special distinction at the examinations? One young woman, Miss Philippa Fawcett, beat the senior wrangler of her year, thereby attesting superlative ability in mathematics. Another young woman was ranked as senior classic, thus giving evidence of pre-eminent proficiency in the Greek and Latin literatures. Does not such success prove adaptation? Mr. Browning, who undoubtedly speaks from

experience, answers in the negative. He does not regard success in university examinations as a conclusive indication of ability in either men or women. In the capacity of an examiner, he has learned that there may be work which deserves marks, and work, which, while failing on technical grounds to deserve marks, nevertheless compels admiration. There may be, in other words, mistakes which have more merit than the accuracies which must needs be the touchstone of academical success. In his opinion, the best attitude for a learner who has passed the age of boyhood is not that of slavish adherence to the text-book, but one of distrust of his authority, mingled, perhaps, with some contempt. We are reminded that any one can note, abstract, arrange under heads, remember, revise, and reproduce. Hours spent, however, in transferring knowledge from a printed page to a note-book are pronounced scarcely on a level with the toil of a bricklayer. The right training for promoting vigor and fruitfulness of intellect is to arraign every fact and every judgment before the bar of your own mind, to meditate, to argue, to assimilate or to condemn. Now women, as Mr. Browning has had occasion to remark, are not endowed with the rebelliousness of mind which is a condition precedent to the analyzing and critical activity of the intelligence. He has never seen, he tells us, a woman's work which appeared to him equal to a man's. In the essays which are written during the Cambridge examinations, he has found a fundamental difference, according to the sex of the writer. So far as his observation goes, a woman is receptive and reproductive, but rarely combative, and hardly ever original. In a word, an experience of twenty years has failed to convince him of the mental equality of men and women, or of the wisdom of giving the same intellectual training to both sexes.

Not only does Mr. Browning deem it a mistake to give women the same education that is given to men, but he thinks that their presence in a university has been productive of some disadvantages to the masculine undergraduates. One effect has been the crowding of lecture-rooms. On more than one occasion, moreover, within the last twenty years, lectures of a lower grade than would have been endured by men have been bolstered up by the presence of women. If the male audience had been left to itself, the lectures would either have come to an end or the lecturer would have been obliged to alter his tone or raise his standard. It is also manifest that, where certain subjects of a scientific character are concerned, inconvenience and embarrassment would result from lecturing to a mixed audience of men and women. According to a medical lecturer quoted in the *Forum*, both subject-matter and method have been modified, owing to the presence of women students. A lecturer in classics also testifies that the form of his lectures has, sometimes, had to be modified, in view of the fact that they were to be delivered before young women. This he considers a serious objection to coeducation, and he knows of no compensatory advantage. In fine, not only do women occupy the best places in a lecture-room, and keep out the men, but searching and exhaustive instruction is rendered more difficult by their participation in it.

This, then, is the verdict of a practical educator, who, for many years, has seen both sexes at work upon the same curricula, and subjected to the same tests. His conclusion is that Girton, Newnham and similar institutions connected with other English and American universities, while they have imparted needed stimulus to the movement for improving the aims and methods of instruction for women, do not represent the best form in which female education can be given. That form, he thinks, can only be attained by a system of education confined to women alone.

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SOUTHERNERS who read the newspapers are getting much gratification from the reports of race feeling in the State of Illinois, where the city of Alton has recently erected school buildings for colored pupils only and is insisting that there shall hereafter be no mixing of the races in schools. Southerners who have removed to the North, however, know that the color line is and always has been drawn as sharply here as at the South. Special schools for colored children are not uncommon in Northern cities and villages, and where these exist the colored pupils are not allowed to attend schools for whites. As a rule, the colored people in Northern towns have their own residence districts, and any attempts to live in other portions of the towns is discouraged promptly and generally effectively. The color line is not specially a Southern institution; it is national, with the single point of difference that at the North it is not guarded with shotguns.

THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

BY JOHN HABBERTON,
Author of "Helen's Babies," etc., etc.

The Government in Business. THIS will not be a good year for men with business enterprises that desire financial backing by Uncle Sam. The nation assisted the Union Pacific Railroad handsomely about a third of a century ago; aside from a free gift of more than half a million acres of land to every mile of completed road it lent its credit for many millions of dollars, and there is now rightly due it from the company nearly seventy million dollars. For a clearance of this debt twenty millions less is offered; this will be gladly accepted and the nation will stand the loss, rather than further demonstrate the continuous incapacity of successive Congresses and Administrations to force a payment in full. This accumulation of experience in assisting railway companies should be a capital object lesson for the geniuses who insist that government should assume control of railroads, telegraphs, grain elevators, and many other means of general service. At the government's past rate of wisdom in looking after such of the people's money as has been invested in business, the tariff and internal revenue receipts would be unable to pay interest on the annual deficits.

Dirty Rags as Money. The yellow fever scare has started anew, and it is to be hoped successfully, a newspaper protest against the spread of diseases by the handling of paper money. We are almost the only people in the world whose paper currency is allowed to become literally filthy rags, for other countries seldom issue small notes; even if they have less coin in proportion to population than we, they have no notes corresponding with our "small bills," nor do the people demand them; coin answers the purpose, and what is in circulation is sufficient. The Bank of England—which is a private and corporate, not national, institution—retires all notes that come in and issues new ones instead. Certainly our Treasury Department, which prints all of our paper currency of every kind, could and would do likewise were the people to make the demand. As every one knows, paper money is absorbent, and yellow fever is but one of many diseases that may be transmitted by it. Any one with eyes knows that most of our paper currency is very dirty, and any one with a nose may discover, by experiment, that a handful of paper from the bank has exactly the same odor—and as much of it—as its bulk of rubbish from any junkman's rag-bag. The subject is as important as it is odorous.

The Status of Irrigation. Some of the Western States have been participating in an Irrigation Convention, at which were detailed the results of much able experimenting and figuring on the possibilities of artificial watering of lands naturally arid. So far as the information may be necessary to the reclaiming of land which should support the people engaged near by in mining and other enterprises, it will probably be acted upon; but the discouraging feature of most irrigation plans is that the growers of American staples and the grazers of sheep and cattle can still choose from millions of acres, within the rain-belt, that either are still untilled or are so carelessly managed that their measure of production is not half what it might be. The proportion of uncleared, untilled and half-tilled ground in even the most prosperous States astonishes every foreign-born agriculturist who travels through the United States, and it is no less inexplicable to thorough American farmers who have heard that the masses are land-hungry and longing to work. All this must change when we reach the time, now very near, when there is no new and far-away ground to be given away or sold by the government, and when farmers must make the best of what is about them, instead of looking elsewhere for something better.

The North Pole to be Our Own. If the United States does not achieve the honor of discovering the North Pole it will not be for lack of the most sensible plan yet conceived. Lieut. Peary has engaged a party of Esquimaux from the tribe already living nearer the Pole than any other human beings, they are to spend the coming season in accumulating skins and meat, and with them and not more than two white men beside himself Peary intends to push northward, in Esquimaux manner, until he reaches the Pole—or dies. The impossibility of accomplishing the purpose of all Arctic explorers by pressing northward in a ship has been abundantly and dismally demonstrated. Esquimaux have their limitations, but they never die of cold nor have they ever been known to lose their spirits; they are the only people who know the ways of the ice, the water and the weather of the Arctic regions, and as Peary's men will be accompanied by their families there will be no failure through homesickness, which has weakened the native contingent of many Arctic expeditions at times when all prospects were favorable.

Canada need not Fear. Unless apprehensive Englishmen and Canadians keep to themselves their imaginings of smart doings on this side of the St. Lawrence, we Americans will become terribly conceited and have a lot of fun besides. Within a fortnight we have been accused of trying to trickily increase our naval force on the Great Lakes and of an intention to purchase and annex Greenland, so as to have a naval base from which, in case of war with Great Britain, we may worry the Anglo-Canadian commerce that is expected to be established over the Hudson's Bay route. The first charge is based on a report that the government is to lend the gunboat "Yantic" to Michigan's naval militia at Detroit. Could Canadians inspect this imaginary terror their eyes would quickly quiet their hearts; for she is a very old wooden boat of less than one thousand tons displacement, her engine yields nominally only one-fourth horse-power to the ton, and her engineer would not dare "work her up" to this degree of exertion unless he chanced to be tired of life and was personally well insured. Like most other vessels loaned to

naval militia, she affords facilities for going through the motions of drill afloat, but her crew will be best satisfied with her when she is tied to a dock where the bottom of the lake is not more than three feet beneath her keel.

Old Heroes and New. Our new torpedo-boats are being completed with pleasing rapidity, and are being named after gallant sailors of the Civil War with a persistency that would imply that no other war of ours produced any naval heroes. It is a fair question, too, whether in our new navy, which contains many fine fellows whose fathers fought against the Union from 1861 to 1865, it is good taste to keep the prominent names of the Civil War so persistently in view. No intelligent Southerner doubts the bravery and ability of the men of whom the new torpedo-boats are namesakes, but there is unlimited inspiration in the names of Hull, Stewart, Paul Jones, Lawrence, Decatur, Perry, Truxton, Chauncey, and many others upon whom the history-reading boys of both sections were "brought up" years ago and the lustre of whose fame is still undimmed. Let patriotic example, like patience, have its perfect work.

Mr. Bryan's new Chance. Orator Bryan has gone down to Kentucky, where he ought to have great audiences, for Kentuckians always did like oratory and they don't care to what party a man belongs if he can speak well.

Kentucky has not had as large a measure of new prosperity as some other States have been blessed with this year, so it is probable that thousands of her voters still believe the government is in some way withholding whatever they lack. Still, Kentucky polled an astonishing number of Republican votes last year, and new converts to a party, like those to a church, are usually extremely zealous. Louisiana, and as near New Orleans as possible, would seem to be the most appropriate place for Mr. Bryan's peculiar line of activity, for the yellow fever scare has greatly depressed business in the Crescent City. It is true the government was not in any way the cause of the yellow fever visitation, but it was quite as innocent of causing the business stagnation of the last two or three years, so Mr. Bryan has a fighting chance of making a new issue. He needs one.

Greenland not within Our Reach. As to annexing Greenland, there are several reasons why we must defer the operation. To annex it we must first purchase it, for it is contrary to modern American policy to follow the British manner of obtaining new territory. Until we get the better of our Treasury's deficit we shall have nothing with which to buy; at present the deficit is getting the better of us. Were we ready to make an offer, Denmark, the owner of Greenland, might doubt our sincerity; for we made an offer for the Danish island of St. Thomas some years ago, but backed out, and Denmark still feels sore about it. A naval base in Greenland would need fortifications, big guns and a dry-dock; we are far behind the times in defenses for our own ports, and the last docking of an American battleship had to be done on British territory. Finally, Anglo-Canadian commerce through Hudson's Bay is not conducted on water—it is all on paper at present, and promises to remain there for some years to come. While even the St. Lawrence is closed by ice about six months of the year, British capital will not be in haste to establish the projected route some hundreds of miles further north. We don't need Greenland at present.

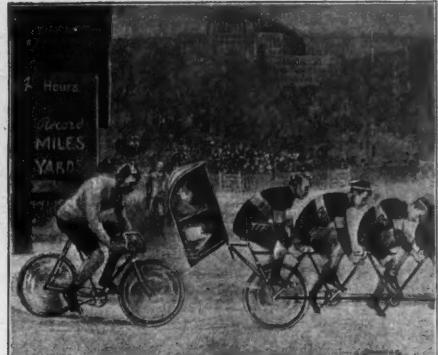
The Ways of the Unexpected. A report, from Berlin, that the Emperor of Germany desires to offer Spain encouragement in her differences with the United States, is an indication that we, like other nations, should be prepared for the unexpected that may lead to war. Great conflicts do not necessarily come of great issues; the two greatest foreign wars of the last half-century—the Franco-Prussian conflict and the war between China and Japan—were started on flimsy pretexts made to order. The German Emperor would sacrifice his best hand for the bliss of fighting with some one; many reasons prevent his doing it in Europe, but he knows that his navy, added to that of Spain, might greatly worry the United States if war began before our new fortifications and our battleships and torpedo-boats now on the stocks could be completed, and it would enable him to overcome German opposition to the increased military and naval estimates on which he insists. German trade might suffer for two or three months by such a war, but the ransom which the Emperor would expect to exact from New York, Boston and Philadelphia, or any one of them, would more than make good the loss. So long as any powerful nation can best keep the peace at home by bullying any outsider the United States must continue to improve its forts and fleets.

Are the Mormons Law-abiding? When the religious sect that founded Utah professed to give up polygamy the statement was received with much surprise and doubt. Mormonism as a faith has made remarkable gains in North and South Carolina during the past year, and the reason is said to be that the missionaries of the "Latter-Day Saints" are teaching that the practice of polygamy is not sinful, for the Mormon Church upholds it; it is also alleged that the missionaries perform secret marriage ceremonies that satisfy the consciences of their converts. If all this be true, the lynchings of teachers of Mormonism in law-abiding North Carolina is not hard to understand. Aside from the question of the disturbance of family relations, North Carolinians, like any other people, know that church that can and will violate one law of the land and in the interest of human selfishness can be expected to violate others. A number of murders still remain charged to the earlier leaders of the Mormon Church; the American people have long memories.

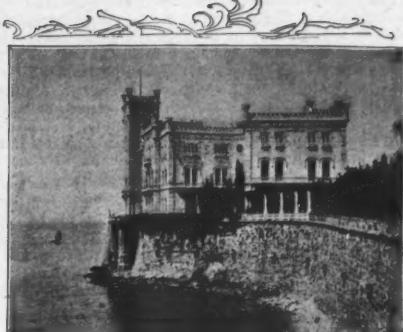
Voters should be Americans. Connecticut has adopted by an enormous majority a constitutional amendment requiring that would-be voters shall be able to read in English any article of the Constitution or any section of the statutes of the State. As Connecticut has scarcely any colored people it is safer to say of this



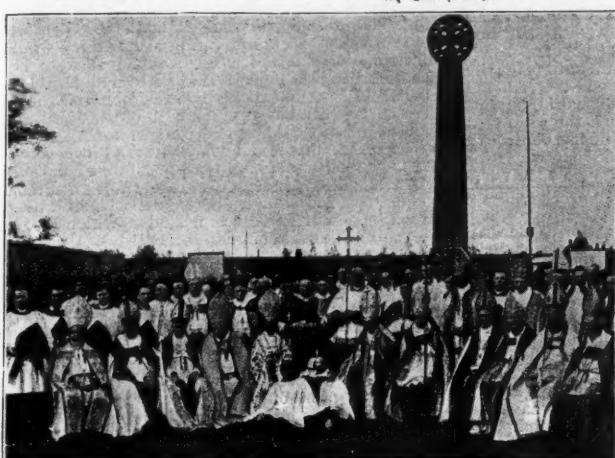
CORDANG MAKING HIS GREAT RIDE OF 616 MILES 340 YARDS IN 24 HOURS



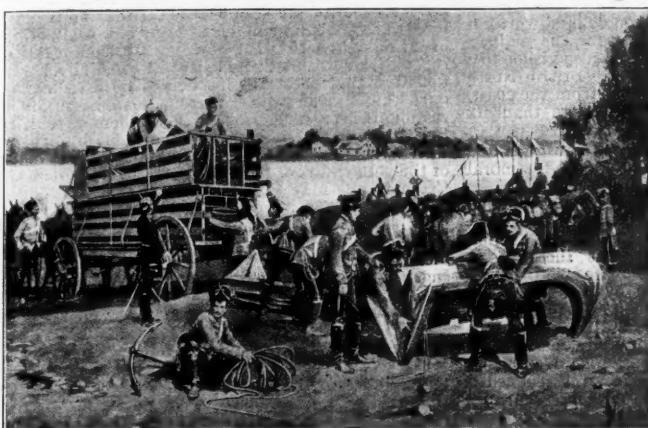
CORDANG RIDING SHOWING PACING MACHINE



THE CASTLE OF MIRAMARE

GROUP OF ENGLISH AND FOREIGN PRELATES
THE EBBS FLEET CELEBRATION

THE EBBS FLEET CELEBRATION PROCESSION OF PRELATES FROM THE ALTAR

THE GERMAN ARMY MANOEUVRES
PACKING A COLLAPSABLE BOATTHE GERMAN ARMY MANOEUVRES, TAKING A GUN OVER A RIVER
ON COLLAPSABLE BOATS

THE ENGLISH TROUBLES IN INDIA GURKHAS DESCENDING A PASS UNDER FIRE

amendment than of a similar one that might be passed by a Southern State that it does not purpose to disfranchise a race. The amendment recognizes the fact that foreigners of certain classes insist on herding together, objecting to learning the language of the country, demanding that their native tongues be taught in the schools, and acting in other ways as if they were determined to be Americans only to the extent of residence and the voting franchise. Some portions of New England have thus become entirely French-Canadian; portions of Western States are wholly German or Scandinavian. That the people are industrious and harmless is not sufficient; the mass of foreign-born residents of this country should become Americans in fact as well as in form if they are to have the right to vote on American affairs.

A new Record for Gold.

Last year's gold production of the world was many million dollars above the average of good gold years for a quarter of a century, yet the Director of the Mint expects to announce that the production of this year will be about thirty-five millions more than that of 1896 and will reach a total of two hundred and forty millions—pretty fair assurance that there will be no gold famine except for nations that have wasteful or foolish systems of finance. If any grumbler complains that no matter how great may be the supply of gold he never sees any part of it, he will have but little trouble in getting at the banks as much of it as he can carry if he will pay for it, dollar for dollar, in Treasury notes. The reason that gold is not in general circulation is that business men prefer notes to coin and complain loudly when their banks issue gold instead of paper.

The Nonsense of Overtraining.

When so strong a man as Sandow denounces modern methods of training for athletic contests and is willing to risk his reputation by training, according to his theories, a college boat crew for a great race, it is time for aspiring young athletes to take themselves less seriously. Sandow's theory is that general good condition, not high condition, is the secret of success in athletics, and that modern training methods are wasteful of vitality. It has long been matter of wonder that young men who lead rational lives are in best physical condition when they are not in special training, and that physical breakdowns during hard exertion are confined almost entirely to young men who have been in the hands of trainers. The routine of men who prepare for prizefights and other "professional" contests has no bearing on the subject, for such men generally lead self-indulgent lives that compel much physical reformation before work can be done. Under Sandow's system the college oarsman or football player can afford to pay less attention to his muscle and more to his brain.

The newest Wheat Scare.

No degree of success in any direction seems great enough to suppress alarmists. While the surplus of America's wheat is making good the deficit of all other countries a grave statistician prints a magazine article to show that the wheat area of the world is too small for the demands that will be made upon it. The truth is that the average consumption in wheat using countries is diminishing; physicians in all civilized lands are urging the people to lessen their proportion of starchy foods, of which wheat products are the most popular, and the people are beginning to heed the injunction. Meat is not as rare on the tables of the poor as it used to be, and among the well-to-do a large consumption of bread is regarded as a sign of a badly supplied table. Vegetables and fruits are in far greater demand and use than they were a generation ago, and they are within the reach of people who can buy any plain food material; from being mere "garden truck" in the United States they have in the last twenty-five years become the sole products of tens of thousands of estates in which many millions of capital are invested. All these facts tend to lessen the consumption of wheat; besides, people are slowly learning to eat corn. The world would not starve were the wheat yield to become "short" everywhere.

All Ocean Fliers.

All one-day records of steaming at sea were broken a few days ago by a new German merchant vessel on her maiden trip, and some pessimists are doubting the ability of our navy's trim fliers, the "Columbia" and "Minneapolis," built specially to destroy commerce vessels in time of war, to overtake the new marine wonder. It should not be forgotten that we now have torpedo-boats that can steam at the rate of thirty miles an hour, that more of the same kind are being built, and that a merchant vessel, of no matter what size and speed, would far rather be chased by several commerce-destroyers than by one torpedo-boat; for the fast cruisers would not necessarily imply anything worse than capture; the torpedo-boat's missile means utter destruction.

Wonderful Book Farming.

"Book farmers," as experimenters at agricultural colleges are called, are still sneered at in most of the rural districts, yet occasionally they startle the men who manage crops exactly as their fathers did. At the Cornell University farm, Ithaca, N. Y., the potato crop this year has averaged three hundred bushels to the acre, the average yield of the State being less than one-fourth as great. The Cornell crop was not obtained through liberal use of fertilizers, for absolutely none was used; nor had the ground, which was gravelly loam, been fertilized in four years. Neither was there extraordinary outlay of labor; the entire cost per acre, seed included, was eighteen dollars and a half. The crop is worth one hundred and eighty dollars per acre, or about five times the value of the

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

land on which it was raised. Blight and rot were prevented by four different sprayings with Bordeaux mixture; frequent "cultivation" did the rest. It is not strange that every week thousands of farmers are asking for the college bulletin on potato-raising; for any crop that is worth even as much as the land on which it is raised is a novelty to American farmers. Score One for the "book farmers."

A Discreet Monument Committee.

As some thousands of towns still contemplate the erection of soldiers' monuments the example recently set by this city's monument committee is worthy of consideration. The committee consists of citizens distinguished for knowledge of many subjects, of which monumental art is not one. Men just as well-meaning, honest and respected are responsible for the ugly masses of stone and bronze, called soldiers' monuments, that are offending good taste and scaring horses throughout the country. New York's committeemen have too much respect for themselves, the people and the dead soldiers to begin work in their present state of ignorance, so they have gone to Gettysburg to look at the many memorials there. Gettysburg has its full share of objects that are monuments to the bad taste of their designers, but to visit even these is more instructive than a ramble through a committee's own imagination or a chat with a local gravestone man.

The coveted wealth of the man who "strikes it rich" is one of the world's most darling objects of curiosity. While the man lives and succeeds in not becoming an idiot the popular cash valuation

of his holdings is what any one may imagine it to be, and there is nothing mean about imagination that has to deal only with other people's money. To name Americans who were accounted wealthy yet died insolvent would be to fill this page of the paper; besides, any one can himself recall enough of them to point the moral. The late Colonel North of England—the "Nitrate King"—said to be the richest man in the world, left but a small fortune behind him; now comes the word that Barney Barnato, the "Kaffir King," who has controlled more coveted properties than any other man who ever lived, and at whose feet all England fawned, left less than five million dollars and committed suicide as a result of his efforts to save even that amount.

Caring for Canada.

There is no reason for American excitement and apprehension at Britain's sending of some field-guns to Canada as well as heavy artillery to Canadian seaports. The Dominion

is British territory, and Britain should see that it is protected against invasion; the only strange feature of the case is that the sending of the guns has been delayed so long. We Americans are fortifying our own ports and sending heavy guns to them as rapidly as possible, although we have no hereditary enemies or grave international complications. Britain has always possible enemies in view, and on the villainous but accepted principle that "All's fair in war" some of them might be mean enough to strike at Canada, innocent although the Dominion is of complicity in any of the mother country's schemes in various parts of the world. Besides, parent countries should manifest parental affection by something stronger than talk, and three million dollars' worth of new artillery is a small price to pay for the maintenance of loyal feeling in Canada; it is also visible to a greater number of Canadians than the British North Atlantic fleet, which can be seen only from the coast, and is unable to remain even there more than six months of any twelve.

No Reason for Fright.

The idea that the Canadian guns and fortifications are intended for moral effect upon the United States is not worth a thought. Quite likely some members of the British Cabinet would like for political reasons to create a feeling of apprehension in this country, but these members and their Canadian parasites are wofully deceived if they think it can be done by way of Canada. More than a hundred years ago, when England was the world's greatest military power and the thirteen American Colonies were weaker than almost any one of them now is, England did much worrying and invading by way of Canada, but her expeditions never reached a place of importance; much less did they join the armies sent to our coasts direct. Then there were no telegraphs to give warning, no railways by which to hurry troops and war material to the front, nor any war material to send. Then we had no friends in Canada; now we have hundreds of thousands, some of whom insist that we ought to take Canada from England, although they know we don't need her, except as a neighbor. As Britain's Colonial Secretary has an American wife, he ought to have acquired more sense than to imagine that he can worry the United States by way of Canada.

A Chance for the Navy.

It is gratifying to know that the Navy Department is considering a plan for the suppression of disorder

Navy. In Alaska, should any arise. As most of the mining districts are on or near the coasts of the Yukon River, the navy can be far more prompt and useful than the army at any needed national police duty in that non-organized Territory. Although we lack gunboats small enough and numerous enough to keep the flag and its officers within easy reach of the mining camps now existing and the dozens of new ones that will be made when the ice leaves the Yukon next season, stout little tugs are cheap, and boats of their class did effective service, on both sides, thirty-five years ago, when navies had to be improvised. As to that, our only armed vessel in Alaska waters for years, and until the seal fisheries troubles began, was an armed tug. Some of our admirals, still living, got their first training in command rank on tugs carrying only a single twelve-pounder as armament and they never have been sorry for it; one of the most exciting spectacles on the Mississippi River during the Civil War was the chase of the Confederate ram "Webb" by the little tug "Hollyhock," commanded by young Lieutenant-Commander (now Admiral) Gherardi. Hundreds of our naval officers, of junior grades, although past thirty years of age, desire and need just this sort of training, and there is room on the great Yukon River for scores of them.



BY EDGAR SALTUS.

Wanted: Common Sense.

The Bulgarian Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce has issued a decree whereby all the officials and functionaries of the State, of the towns and communes of the realm, and representatives when in session, are compelled, under penalty of a fine, to wear clothes and boots made in the country, of stuff and leather therein produced. Is that not tyrannous? Is that not oppressive? Is not that just what one might expect among the effete systems of monarchial Europe? Does it not recall the sumptuary laws against which civilization long since revolted? Is it not delightful to feel that this is the land of the free and the home of the Tammany brave? And yet, when you consider Mr. Dingley's hundred-dollar limit, the Bulgarian decree seems by comparison full of charm, immeasurably spacious, entirely liberal, well worthy of adoption and imitation here. There is not a reason in the world why the officials and representatives of this country should not only be legislated into home-made clothes, but fined every time they took them off. But there is no reason either why any one else should. It is these persons who have enacted that a citizen may no longer purchase such trousers as he likes where he likes and when he likes. Does any one suppose that even Bulgaria would stand that? There would be a revolution in a minute. The whole thing would be monstrous were it not absurd, ridiculous were it not pathetic. And the object? For there is an object in all things. It is not to expand by a few hundred thousand a Treasury which has as much need of the expansion as it has of inflation; it is to encourage a handful of tailors to stick on the prices and demonstrate even better than they have their total inability to cut. When Macaulay's New Zealander ponders over the ruins of Brooklyn Bridge, that and similar idiocies will give him the cue. "Here," he will say, "was a land to which God gave everything—except common sense."

The Cause of Klondicitis.

Mr. James G. Creamer is a gentleman who has my entire sympathy. A lawyer, incidentally a Harvard graduate, his riper years was passed in study, his riper years in work. Then along came the boom. Mr. Creamer jumped in, bought sugar, and, with the profit, jumped out. So far so good. Now the plot thickens. Work grew tedious; the office dull. Mr. Creamer examined himself in the mirror. As a result he decided that a man so handsome and gifted ought to give the girls a treat. He selected the Knickerbocker Theater for that purpose. The charms of Miss Marie Studholme, of Miss Maud Hobson, of Miss Juliet Nesville, and the other glittering gayety girls, were such that the next night he returned. On the first evening he occupied a stall. On the second he took a box, and regretted that he had not taken two. It seemed to him that he could not have room enough in which to enjoy the bewilderments of all the witcheries that rose and subsided, passed and repassed before his delighted eyes. The effect was so uplifting that to steady his nerves he drank. In his cups the beatific young persons soared spirally into realms of sheer enchantment. With them he scaled the uplands of dream, and to balance himself, drank deeper. Then, whether it was the mirage of beauty, the potency of the yellow fay, or both, that affected the crème de la Creamer, one may surmise, yet never know. But this is history. At last accounts he was off for Dawson. Now here is a good example of cause and effect. Sweets to the sweet are all very well. But my brethren in the medical profession are invited to take note that given sugar and sirens Klondicitis is the result.

Even Hercules is Dead.

Why is life short? As a matter of fact, it is youth that is brief, and it is in youth that we really live. But why, a subscriber asks, do we not live longer? Barring disease, drink, overeating, and the act of God, the main reason resides, I believe, in what the Italians call *Il timor della paura*, the fear of fright—worry. Give a lady a pension, put her in the country, and she will live, some one, somewhere, ungallantly stated, forever. A scientist noted recently that thought vivifies. In print, no doubt, it may. There, the lives of great men all remind us that we constantly fail to make our own sublime. But in the effort to emulate them—or to appear to, and success is as fatiguing as failure—even the man whom thought vivifies must decay. Longevity resembles happiness; both are accidents, not of birth or of circumstances, but of temperament. And both are best achieved by health and indifference. Given health and an appreciation of the maxims of Ye Men Fou—a Chinese philosopher, wickedly invented by De Goncourt, and whose name means something like I Don't Care (a hang)—there is no reason why we should not all make the hypothetical lady with a pension blush. It is worry that kills. The brain is the seat of life. Worry gnaws it. It eats into it until it has eaten it all. Then we die, and it is best that we should. Of the many, one alone survives. Said Longfellow:

"Emigrant is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies.
Dead, he is not, but departed, for the artist never dies."

The preoccupation of death is, however, as trivial as

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consisting of Standard Wagner and Pullman Buffet, Drawing-Room, Sleeping Cars, and Elegant "High-Back Seat" Day Coaches, lighted by the celebrated "Pintsch Gas" and heated by steam, are run every day in the year between New York and Chicago via Lackawanna and Nickel Plate Roads. The best and cheapest route from the East to Cleveland, Ft. Wayne, Chicago and the West. The dining cars and meal stations on the Nickel Plate Road are operated by the company, and serve the best of meals at reasonable rates. The through day coaches are in charge of colored porters, in order to render assistance to passengers holding either first or second-class tickets.

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worry. Whatever we do we cannot change the course of events. On pagan tombs these words used to be found:

"Courage, dear friend, no one is immortal.
Even Hercules is dead."

The consolation may seem vague. In reality it is very substantial.

The Reward of Virtue. "What," a subscriber asks, "are the profits of authorship?" That depends on the publisher, a little too on the public. The amount of rubbish which a publisher can

ladle out, and which the public will accept, is inconceivable. As a general rule it is safe to say that profits are in the inverse ratio to talent. There are exceptions, of course. Mr. Moody, for instance. A book of his has brought him in considerably over a million dollars. Then there is Mr. Haggard. He began quite modestly. For his first novel he got fifty dollars. To-day a check which is less than two thousand he won't look at. Du Maurier received fifty thousand for "Trilby," and as much more for "The Martians." They were cheap at any price. Mr. Kipling has accepted twenty-five cents a word in his own country and half a dollar in this. I don't blame him. Mr. Anthony Hope is less expensive. For a five thousand word magazine story his terms are five hundred dollars. Mrs. Humphrey Ward comes higher. For a short story she has received fifteen thousand dollars. With four novels this lady has cleared three hundred thousand in eight years. Should she be spared to us she may exceed Scott, who made nearly two million. Already she is only seventy-five thousand behind Anthony Trollope, a hundred thousand behind Bulwer, and two hundred thousand behind Dickens. That is nothing. Among the best paid modern authors are Tennyson, Hugo and Daudet. For a poem entitled "Sleep" Tennyson got a guinea a word. For "The Miseries" Hugo received eighty thousand dollars, and for "Sappho" Daudet received two hundred thousand. On the other hand, the profits of Swinburne have been slight, and a short time ago I was creditably informed that Herbert Spencer's works had not then paid their expenses. In this country the rewards of virtue are not as great. Barring Mr. Moody, Mr. Gunter, and Mrs. Pinkham, fortunes are rare. Mr. Howells has received quotable sums, so also, in his heyday, did Mr. Stockton. The name of the man who has made the most here escapes me. I forgot too the titles of his works. They were of the variety known as subscription, and on their sales he built a square block in Chicago. The profits of authorship, then, must depend on what you consider authorship to be. But in a land in which Mr. Moody can make a million, everything is possible, there is hope for us all.

The High Priest of Pessimism. Schopenhauer's Table-Talk, edited by Dr. Griesebach (Hoffmann: Berlin), is a stupid book about a wise man. In its preparation the editor appears to have followed the prescription which Schopenhauer offered to all such as he: "Dilute a minimum of thought through five hundred pages of nauseous phraseology, and for the rest trust to the Teuton patience of the reader." Then, too, Schopenhauer's senilia has been rehashed again and again. Dr. Gwinner supported himself on the tags and tatters of his conversation. On the sale of his obiter dicta, Franenstadt maintained a family. When Hegel was dying he said: "Only one man understood my writings, and even he caught but half their import." I don't wonder. Hegel is the chameleon of thought, his works are the apotheosis of the *arrière pensée*. Whenever it is possible to pin him down, it is always on a contradiction that the pinning is accomplished. For those that care for that pachyderm, sophist expositions are always in order. But Schopenhauer does not need any. He explained himself fully and more clearly than any other German except Heine, who, by the way, happened to be a Frenchman. The theory of force, which was his chief originality, has found few adherents, fewer still are they who have any faith in his plan for the extinction of humanity; it is his classic insistence on the immeasurable misery of life, it is the pessimism which he expounded, but which he no more invented than he did human nature, that has multiplied not alone the translations and editions of his works, but the comments of his commentators. For thirty years those works were unnoticed. But Schopenhauer, who was an Emerson in black, and very blithe in his misanthropy, snapped his fingers at the inattention of the public. He knew that Time, who is at least a gentleman, would bring him his due unmasked. Before he died fame and honors came and found him unsurprised. "Time has brought his roses at last," he said. "But see," he added, touching his hair, "they are white." His table-talk was full of wisdom, full of wit; yet so little of either is there in these pages of Dr. Griesebach that one may fancy that such echo of it as the latter got must have reached him from afar; on the back stairs, perhaps, or else in the kitchen.

The Effects of Vodka and Caviare. The New York "Press" is a lively sheet. It is full of information, full of enterprise, full of guile. In a recent issue it states that a prize amounting to \$1,500,000 is to be awarded by the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences for the best biography of Alexander I., and that Mr. Howells, Mr. Hawthorne, Mr. R. H. Davis, and your servant, are competing for it. Why not the lively and guileful editor of the "Press" as well? A gentleman with so much imagination could double discount everybody. Historians are privileged liars. It is their duty to entertain. Failing that, they are handsomely bound and never read. A fate such as that would never overtake the editor of the "Press." From where I sit I can see him promenading his fancy up and down the Nevski Prospect, caring for it in drozhki around the Winter Palace, skirting the Neva, and scaling that column triumphant which was erected to the Restorer of Peace. Of the abilities of Mr. Howells, Mr. Hawthorne, and Mr. Davis, in that direction, I am uninformed. Of my own I am uncertain. Of his I am sure. After a glass of vodka, a caviare sandwich, and a Laferme cigarette, I am convinced that not alone the side scenes of Sachas life, but the entire tableau of All the Russias would unroll before him. To capture the prize he would need but a scrap-book and a foun-

tain-pen. May he go in and win. And when he has, may he enlarge his lively and guileful sheet, and engage us all to write for it.

The Higher Criticism. My pencil is quite at his command. Should he honor me by utilizing it, from black into blue. For instance, in a yet more recent issue, he has a slap at my eminent and distinguished colleague, Mr. Edgar Fawcett, who, lately, in a paragraph on literary heredity, made one or two pertinent observations on the gifts displayed by my equally eminent and distinguished colleague, Mr. Hawthorne. The editor of the "Press" does not like this. Or he affects not to like it. He calls it pulling and puffing. He says that there is here a coterie which is one of the loveliest in the land, but that the mark is overshot. It is just in remarks of that character that a true blue pencil would be of use. I may be in error, I frequently am; but I think it never would occur to Mr. Fawcett to criticise the admirable methods which this gentleman displays. I think that such a thing would never occur to Mr. Hawthorne either. Even otherwise they lack the leisure. They lack the time in which to make faces at their neighbors. Their readers take it all. The reason is clear. They don't mistake them for babes at arms. They provide erudition, not arrowroot; meat, not pap. What is sauce for the goose ought to be sauce for the gosling. Far be it from me to imply that the editor of the "Press" is either. Disentangled from extraneous matter, the suggestion which with every deference I should like to make, is that in his otherwise highly interesting columns, the blue pencil might with profit be employed here and there. Criticism is excellent. But in newspaper life it should begin at home.

Mr. Saintsbury to the Contrary. "Who," a subscriber asks, "is the best living French novelist?" Bourget. In Bourget's early "Essais" the public was treated to a series of singularly analytical and admirably phrased ideas on Baudelaire, Flaubert, Stendhal, and Renan, who, with Balzac, are his literary progenitors. In Bourget there is the perversity of Baudelaire, Flaubert's sonority, the futility of Renan's charm, Stendhal's analysis and Balzac's grasp, but heightened with a flavor of his own, with an accent which is new, with a stenographic sincerity which he may have got from journalism. He lacks Daudet's profusion, lacks too his humor; he lacks also Zola's force. But in subtlety, and particularly in his dissection of the feminine heart, he exceeds them both. Some of his novels—one in particular, "Le Disciple"—might have been signed by Balzac, but by a Balzac modernized, by a Balzac brought up to date, by a Balzac in touch with recent theories and recent thought. It is my duty, however, to note that every one does not think so. Mr. Saintsbury, for instance, does not like Bourget. He says he has two devils in him, "two very bad devils indeed." Mr. Saintsbury does not say what these devils are. But I fancy that one is Conciseness, the other Insight, both of which, as it behoves a practical Christian critic, Mr. Saintsbury is careful to avoid. Mr. Saintsbury also says that Bourget offers mere dough, a comparison which seems to please him, for he calls it "forcible if grotesque." It certainly isn't devilish, is it? But we must not believe everything which Mr. Saintsbury says. His opinion of his own wares is about as valuable as his opinion of the wares of others. Then, too, while it is easy to criticize, it is difficult to produce. "The world," Montaigne noticed, "is full of commentators, but of authors there is a great scarcity." Which may be freely translated: It is a bountiful Providence which has enabled us to condemn whatever we do not understand.

The Mistakes of History. Who was the Queen of Sheba? Hitherto we have not pictured her more luminous than the twelve signs of the zodiac, balanced on the painted back of an elephant, and bringing, from among the griffons of her fabulous Yemen, romance, riddles and riches to a wise young king? In the light of recent criticism the picture shifts. It appears that she issued not from Yemen, not from Arabia, that her home was in Africa, that she was Ethiopian, and it may be that from her and her wise young king the Negus of Abyssinia may claim descent. The idea is sufficiently fascinating to be worth examination. In addition to romance and riddles what were the riches that she brought to Solomon? The Bible says, spices, gold and precious stones. In Ethiopia precious stones have been found, gold exists there to-day, and spices form one of Abyssinia's most important exports. The same may be true of Sabaea. But even so, why should both Herodotus and Josephus call the Queen of Sheba Queen of Egypt and the Ethiopians? If she were, then the thrashing which the Italians got from Solomon's descendant goes to show that history does not always repeat itself. The Romans sacked Jerusalem, but the Christian island set in a stormy Moslem sea their descendants were impotent to subdue. History not only does not always repeat itself, as years progress we find how full it is of error.

The Vagaries of Genius. Maurus Jókai has been recently interviewed. What he said is not related. It is what he looked that is told. To the reporter he presented an air of "sad weariness." I don't wonder. I have seen men in the flush of health grow wan at the interviewer's approach. But that which struck this particular party most was the appearance of the room in which the novelist sat. He describes it as untidy in the extreme, composed of litter and dust. What did he expect? A hall filled with roses and canary birds? A chamber in white and gilt? Everything requisite for writing and not a thing to write? But accessories of this nature constitute the paraphernalia of the amateur. Tidiness is very commendable. Litter and dust are things that every self-respecting housekeeper abhors. It is a fact though, curious, quaint yet well-attested, that the creative man is always a disorderly person. The measure of an artist's distinction may reside in the distinction of the things which he has about him, but when they are set about instead of being strewn about

in lieu of the artist there is the dilettante. The poet rises each morning too drunk with the nectar he has sipped in dream to notice whether the shop is dusted and the litter removed. The high Muse wears a radiant peplum. Futilities are banished from the minds that she haunts.

Lieutenant Peary's meteorite. Lieutenant Peary's meteorite is a reminder that in mid-November two years hence we may confidently expect a repetition of one of those splendid displays that have occurred three times in each century since centuries began. The periodicity of these displays is attributed to streams of meteoroids ceaselessly traveling in conic sections about the sun. The sections are nearly parallel, practically they have the same major axis, one which extends to the orbit of Uranus, and to complete the trip they require a common period of thirty-three years and four months. The length of a stream is such that the more agile aerolites are six or eight years in advance of the lagards. But ultimately the majority get there if getting there can be said to be. There are modern instances in which the sky has been as full of them as in a snow-storm the air is full of flakes. Of those that the earth attracts the number is relatively very small. It is as well, perhaps. As it is we enjoy a daily invoice of about twenty million bolides, which, if the friction that they encounter from the atmosphere did not turn incandescent and immaterial, would necessitate the universal use of impervious umbrellas. We are fairly pelted by them. And when you consider how they must pound on the moon it will seem only natural that from Luna, lunacy should be derived.

A Big Book. Apropos to which there is an astronomical work in preparation which thus far has cost two million dollars. It is a map of the heavens. As yet incomplete it is estimated that when finished it will cover a two-acre lot. The possibility of making it, photography suggested. It was found that the camera could retain that which the telescope could not always intercept. By this process the position of every star, up to the fourteenth magnitude, will be shown as readily as a town on a map. These stars constitute about one-third of the total number that are telescopically visible, the total number being sixty million, or fifty-four million more than can be seen by the naked eye, not from one point but from every part of the world. How many more there are imagination is incompetent to surmise. There are stars so remote that it takes their light thousands of years to reach us. There are others so remote that before their light has reached us they have ceased, as the earth will cease, to be. Behind them are other stars, other suns and other worlds. Wherever in its weariness imagination would set a limit, there is space begun. This is a good subject for a chap to think about when he is bothered about his own importance. Said Tennyson: "What are we but bickering gnats in the glare of a million million of suns?"

Love's Labor Lost. The case of Mr. Stump and Mrs. Best is worthy of record. A few years ago a firm of San Francisco stockbrokers failed. Mr. Stump was engaged to settle their affairs. Among the creditors was Mrs. Best. Acquaintance ensued. A dividend also. In the process of paying over that dividend the lawyer called on the lady. Not to be outdone in courtesy the lady called on him. On vacant evenings there was the theater, occasionally the spectacle of the Golden Gate, as often as not supper in the grillroom of the Palace. Presently the process of paying over the dividend was completed. The affairs of the broken brokers were mended and Mr. Stump started East. Thereat Mrs. Best began to languish. There were no more little calls, no more little suppers, a dividend merely and a great blank. Mrs. Best decided that in her heart a hole had been dug. The languor evaporated. From a despondent lady she became a woman of action. She, too, started East. The last call Mr. Stump had made on her in San Francisco she returned the first day she reached New York. Mr. Stump may have been delighted to see her, but the manifestation of his joy was slight. But Mrs. Best had not made the journey for nothing. She summoned a clergyman. Mr. Stump summoned the police. When the clergyman arrived, he found he could but leave and he went. When the police arrived, they found they could but make an arrest and they did. There is a moral in all things and there is one in this. The highest compliment a woman can pay to a man is a desire to become his wife. When that desire originates with the lady it is of all compliments the one which he appreciates the least. At the same time if every woman who wants to be married is to be locked up the outlook for modiste and milliner is sorry.

EVERY SATURDAY TOURIST SLEEPING CAR ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.

Commencing next Saturday night, and continuing every Saturday night thereafter, Midland Route tourist cars *en route* to Colorado, Utah and California will leave the Chicago Union Passenger Station of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at 10 o'clock, running over the Chicago and Omaha Short Line to Omaha, thence via Lincoln, Neb., Colorado Springs and Leadville, Colo., Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah, Reno, Nevada, and Sacramento, Cal., arriving at San Francisco at 8:45 P.M. Wednesday.

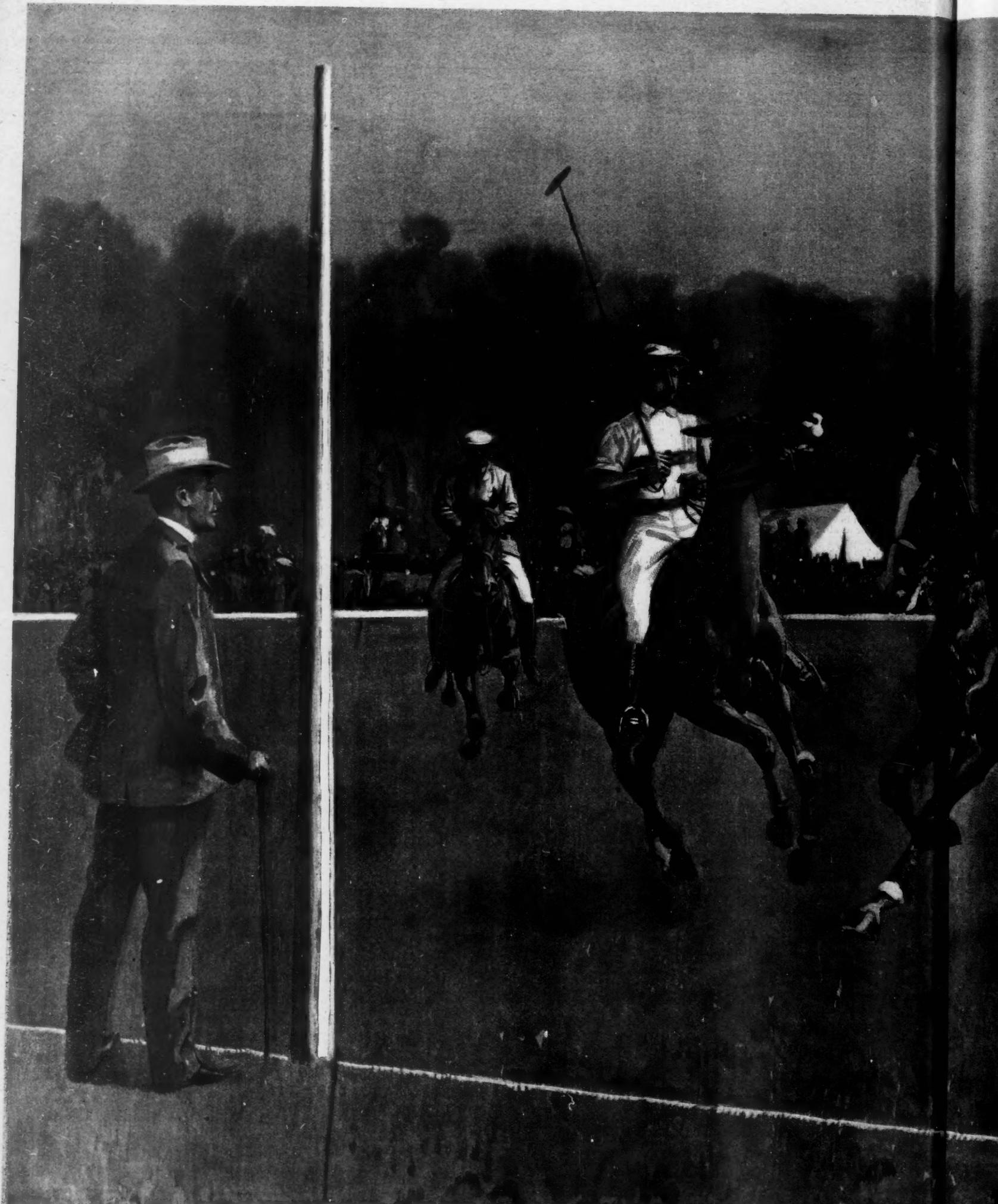
As will be noticed, this route is Midland through Northern Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado (through the heart of the Rockies), Utah, Nevada and California, affording a perfect panoramic view of prairie, mountain and coast scenery.

These popular every Saturday California excursions for both first and second-class passengers (not foreign emigrants) are "personally conducted" by intelligent, competent and courteous "couriers" who will attend to the wants of all passengers en route. This is an entirely new feature of tourist car service and will be greatly appreciated by families or parties of friends traveling together, or by ladies traveling alone. Particular attention is paid to the care of children who usually get weary on a long journey.

Remember that the Midland Route tourist cars are sleeping cars and are supplied with all the accessories necessary to make the journey comfortable and pleasant, and the sleeping berth rate is but \$6.00 (for two persons) from Chicago to California.

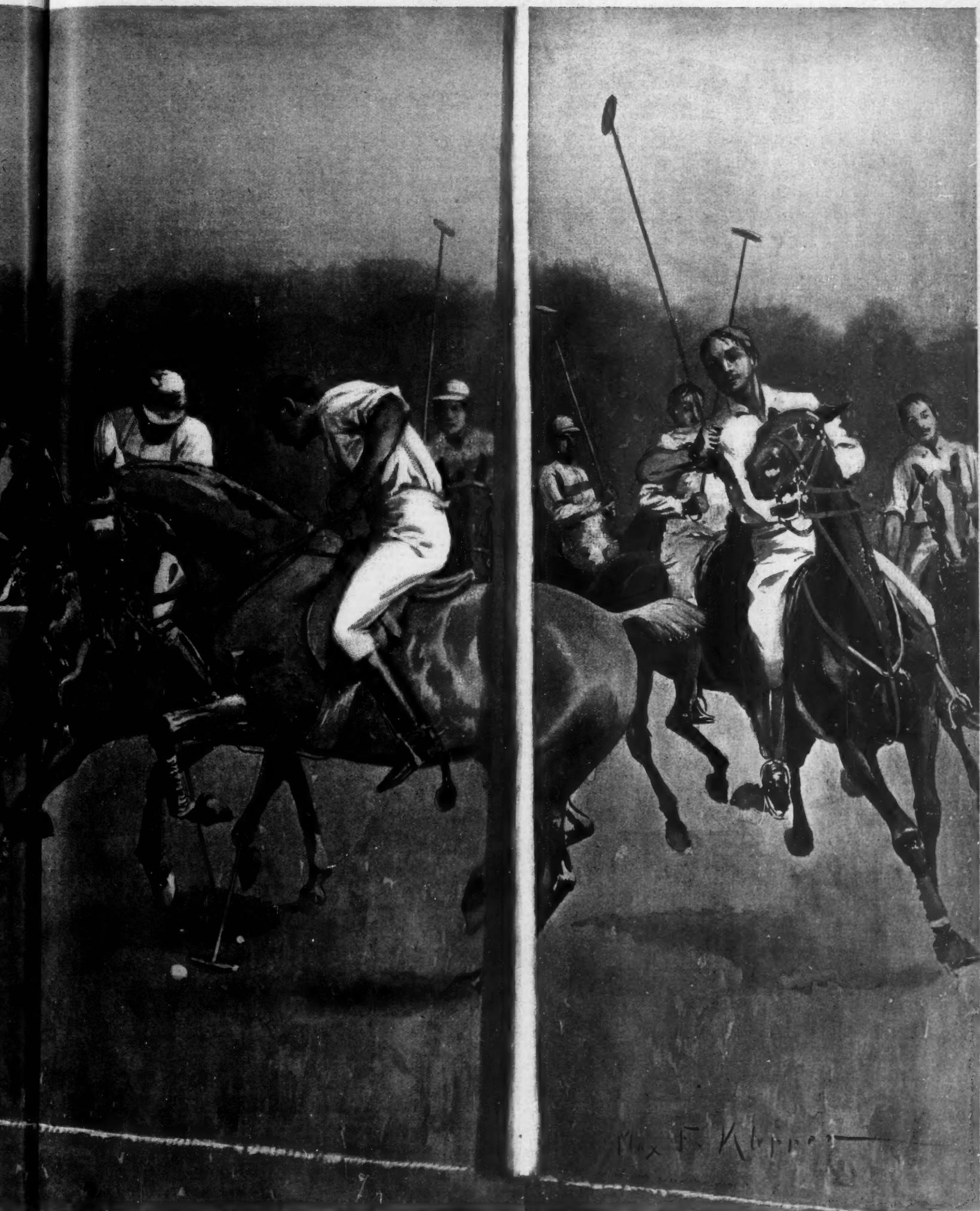
Ask the nearest ticket agent for a tourist car "folder," giving complete information about the Midland Route, or address "Eastern Manager Midland Route," No. 96 Adams Street, Chicago, Ill., or Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago.

P.S.—Berth reservations are made in the order received up to each Saturday morning. First come, first served.



POLO AT PROSPECT PARK.—FINISH OF THE GAME BETWEEN T

LIERS WEEKLY.



BETWEEN THE MYOPIAS AND THE SOUTHAMPTONS.

LORRAINE.

(Continued from page 16.)

that drew the small boys like flies; neither the one nor the other are easily glutted with horrors.

The silver trumpets of the Saxon Riders were chorusing the noon call from the Porte de Paris when a long train crept into the Sedan station and pulled up in the sunshine, surrounded by a cordon of Hanover Riflemen. One by one the passengers passed into the station.

There were no hacks, no conveyances of any kind, so the tall white-bearded gentleman in black, who stood waiting anxiously for his passport, gave his arm to an old lady, heavily veiled, and bowed down with the sudden age that great grief brings. Beside her walked a young girl, also in deep mourning.

A man on crutches directed them to the Place Turenne, hobbling after them to murmur his thanks for the piece of silver the girl slipped into his hands. "The number on the house is 31," he repeated; "the pest flag is no longer outside."

"The pest?" murmured the old man under his breath.

At that moment a young girl came out of the crowded station, looking around her anxiously.

"Lorraine!" cried the white-haired man.

She was in his arms before he could move. Madame de Morteyn clung to her, too, sobbing convulsively; Dorothy hid her face in her black-edged handkerchief. After a moment Lorraine stepped back, drying her sweet eyes. Dorothy kissed her again and again.

"I—I don't see why we should cry," said Lorraine, while the tears ran down her flushed cheeks. "If he had died it would have been different." After a silence she said again: "You will see we are not unhappy—Jack and I. Monsieur Grahame came yesterday with Rickerl, who is doing very well—"

"Rickerl here, too!" whispered Dorothy.

Lorraine slipped one arm around her, looking back at the old people. "Come," she said serenely, "Jack is able to sit up." Then in Dorothy's ear she whispered: "I dare not tell them; you must."

"What, my darling?"

"That—why, that I married Jack—this morning."

The girls' arms tightened around each other.

German officers passed and repassed, rigid, supercilious, staring at the young girls with that half-sneering, half-impudent, near-sighted gaze peculiar to the breed. Their insolent eyes, however, dropped before the clear mild glance of the old vicomte. His face was furrowed by care and grief, but he held his white head high and stepped with an elasticity that he had not known in years. Defeat, disaster, sorrow, could not weaken him; he was of the old stock, the real beau-sabreur, a relic of the old regime that grew young in the face of defeat, that died of a broken heart at the breath of dishonor. There had been no dishonor as he understood it; there had been defeat, bitter defeat. That was part of his trade, to face defeat nobly, courageously, chivalrously; to bow with a smile on his lips to the more skillful adversary who had disarmed him.

Bitterness he knew, when the stiff Prussian officers clanked past along the sidewalk of this French city; despair he never dreamed of. As for dishonor—that is the cry of the pack, the refuge of the snarling mob yelping at the bombastic vociferations of some mean-souled demagogue.

"Lady Hesketh is here, too," said Lorraine. "She appears to be a little reconciled to her loss. Dorothy, darling, it breaks my heart to see Rickerl. He lies in his room all day, silent, ghastly white. He does not believe that Alix did what she did—and died there at Morteyn. Oh, I am glad you are here! Jack says you must tell Rickerl nothing about Sir Thorald; nobody is to know that, now all is ended."

"Yes," said Dorothy.

When they came to the house, Archibald Grahame and Lady Hesketh met them at the door. Molly Hesketh had wept a great deal until she met Grahame. After that she wept still, but more discreetly. "My angel child!" she said, taking Dorothy to her bosom. Grahame looked silly and took off his hat.

When the old people had hurried to Jack's room above, and when Dorothy, guided by Lorraine, glided to Rickerl's silent couch, Archibald Grahame took Molly Hesketh's fair hands and said: "Now don't, Lady Hesketh; I beg you won't. Try to be cheerful."

"I don't wish to," she said, withdrawing her hands.

"There is a band concert this afternoon in the Place Turenne," suggested Grahame.

"I'll never go," said Molly; "I haven't anything fit."

In the room above, Madame de Morteyn sat with Jack's hands in hers, smiling through her tears. The old vicomte stood beside her, one arm clasping Lorraine's slender waist. "Children! children! wicked ones!" he repeated, "how dare you marry each other like two little heathen!"

"It comes, my dear, from having married an American wife," said Madame de Morteyn, brushing away the tears. "They do such things in America."

"America!" grumbled the vicomte, perfectly delighted, "a nice country for young savages. Lorraine, you at least should have known better."

"I did," said Lorraine. "I ought to have married Jack long ago."

The vicomte was speechless. Jack laughed, and pressed his aunt's hands.

They spoke of Morteyn, of their hope that one day they might rebuild. They spoke, too, of Paris, cuffed with steel, flinging defiance to the Germans.

"There is no death," said Lorraine; "even the years renew their life. We must all live. France is to be reborn."

"There is no death," repeated the old man.

So they stood there in the sunlight, tearless, serene, moved by the prophecy of their child Lorraine. And Lorraine, too, sat beside her husband, her fathomless blue eyes dreaming in the sunlight—dreaming of her province of Lorraine, of the Honor of France, of the High Justice of God—dreaming of love and the sweetness of her youth, unfolding like a fresh rose at dawn, here on her husband's breast.

"And there shall be no more death there, neither sorrow nor lamentation. For the former world has passed away."

THE END.



BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

LXI.

WHY is it that Englishmen, as a rule, are so much more attractive than Englishwomen? The latter have lovely voices, often an air of the intensest refinement, nearly always porcelain and roseleaf complexions. They are usually very graceful, and in a physical sense they possess something of the fascination of a flower bending and swaying on its stem. And yet they are somehow uninteresting. Either they are very "clever," like John Oliver Hobbes and women far less brilliant, or they are vacuity itself. It is not their own faults that they are so picturesquely stupid. Men make them so. The English girl is brought up to be a background, is expected to be a background, and such she inevitably stays. She is never asked to amuse; she is amused, or nothing. I do not say that she is a nonentity, but compared with the American girl she is decidedly like it. In social affairs she has no voice whatever—nor has her mother, nor any of her sex. The tastes and whims of husbands, brothers and fathers rule every act of her life. Nothing could be a more ridiculous tyranny over her, for example, than the London "season." Because there is no "shooting" in the spring and early summer, she is forced "up to town," where the weather is sometimes terribly hot and where receptions and balls are far more of a trial than they would be in November fogs or January storms. She always has to do what the men desire her to do, and for this reason, I should say, all that is notable and characteristic in her strikes you as overfilled with a certain distressing subservience. English women are monotonously alike—that forever wears the American admirer, no matter how earnest his admiration. It is the secret, I think, why so few American men ever choose English wives.

On the other hand, Englishmen are fascinated by our own countrywomen. A man of great intelligence and culture not long ago said to me: "They declare that your Yankee girls talk 'through their noses.' Very well; perhaps they do. But not long ago I had the pleasure of knowing a girl from your western districts. She was very pretty, extremely vivacious, full of brightness and 'go' and *chic*. I never saw any Englishwoman at all like her. Yes, her voice was nasal. But she said countless witty and audacious things with it, and I wouldn't for the world have had that voice changed. It suited her perfectly; it was just what I wanted in her. It helped to make for me a most delicious experience." . . . Still, few American women, after they marry Englishmen, or live here any length of time, retain the faintest trace of their nationality. I recall being seated at dinner, a few years ago, next a pretty blonde whose intonations were as London-like as the hollow clatterings of the cab-horse hoofs outside on the Mayfair asphalt. But before the fish had been succeeded by the roast she informed me that her birthplace was St. Louis! Certain fashionable New York women, though they spend hardly more than two months every year in London, affect not only an English accent but an English way of phrase. They would not consent to speak of an elevator otherwise than as a "lift" for any earthly boon short of being introduced to the Astors, provided this privilege had not already blessed their lot. They may live in West Thirty-Third Street, but they print on their note-paper "Thirty-Third Street, West," quite absurdly, since New York is wholly unlike London, the last being a crooked old city and the first being a straight north-and-south, east-and-west one. They are very funny, but they are all the more so because unconscious of how funny they appear. With all their feminine powers of imitation—and women are often wonderful mimics—they do not perceive that they have not really gained any real resemblance of the Englishwoman's native vocal and colloquial grace. "Thank you so very much," they murmur, and "Quite so," and "Fancy, now," and "No, really?" and all that, but they seldom succeed, with all their efforts, in being anything better than fairly respectable brummagem.

Hyde Park still holds its own as a place of public oratory. The vast common, near the Marble Arch in Oxford Street, is daily dotted with groups whom fervid voices harangue. Passionate religion and uncompromising atheism form the two extremes as regards subject. Here you find some one ardently denying the existence of a deity; there you find some one lauding with zeal God's infinite mercy and love. Then there are the free-thinkers of various sects—one who has a huge placard behind him, as I noticed the other afternoon, bearing the words "Humanitarian Deist," whatever that may mean. The decades go by, and still, year after year, these concourses gather and disperse. They are, to my mind, the most salient proof of the national greatness of England. "We don't care anything at all about those fellows; we let them spout as much as they please," said a Londoner whom I know. But "those fellows," I can't help observing, are a good deal cared about in the sense of toleration. Occasionally the religionist might be allowed to hold forth in one of our parks, but imagine any of the others being for an instant sanctioned there. They would either meet prompt ejection or suffer an ejection and a clubbing both together. The other afternoon I pressed my way boldly through one of these Hyde Park crowds, and personally questioned the speaker. I asked him if his motive were a wholly disinterested one, and at first (although my mode of approach was studiedly civil) I feared that I might have given offense. He was a tall, somewhat powerfully built man, with an aquiline face that may or may not have betokened Hebrew birth. I had liked certain things that he had just said: they were the words of a free-thinker, but they were tainted with no rhapsodic aggressiveness. I did not expect him to answer me roughly, but I was unprepared to have him betray so complete a familiarity with the works of

Lecky, Darwin, Mr. John Morley, and other notable writers on subjects distinctly unorthodox. Beyond doubt these *al fresco* lectures in Hyde Park are, all in all, an educating force. Mr. John Burns, now a radical member of Parliament, began his career on the springy turf which may be viewed from the windows of prosperous homes in Bayswater. They say that he is now far more "cultured" than when he first came into the House of Commons, dropping his "b's" at every phrase, and receiving languid stares and smiles from Lord This and Mr. That, with their University educations and their fine-valeted "send-outs," and their eyeglasses, and their talent for arrogance galore. Perhaps an ambition like his spurs many of the other Hyde Park speakers. Some of them are so hoarse by evening that their efforts to speak further are purely piteous.

The death of Mr. Clarence A. Seward, president of the Union Club, shocked me with a peculiar force. The last time that I saw him he looked exceedingly ill, and that was many months ago. Mr. Seward was not alone universally respected; he was universally loved. His eulogy, written by the secretary of the club, Mr. Franklin Bartlett, was peculiarly happy both in its composition and its authorship; for Mr. Franklin Bartlett is himself one of those few men whom success and popularity, political distinction and marked mental gifts, have left without a single appreciable foe. Mr. Seward's position as president of the Union Club was one almost unique. He never sought it, and in a way he was socially unsuited to hold such a supreme place in an organization where social equipments have been judged a desideratum if not a positive requisite. I mean by this that although of celebrated ancestry Mr. Seward had never been, in any sense, what is called an "entertainer," a man of fashion. His predecessor, that most high-bred and delightful of gentlemen, John J. Townsend, distinctly was. So, too, was William Constable, elected to the presidency in 1881, and holding his position only about two years. Of his predecessor, Mr. William M. Evarts, nothing need be said, since history has claimed him for her own. Then there was Moses H. Grinnell, long ago dead, and elected in 1867. He and his family were all people of great prominence in society, leaders in the then limited but distinctive Knickerbocker world.

It is no slight honor to be made president of the Union Club. Unquestionably this organization is the best of its kind in America. Over the entire continent it is now well known, and in New York it still holds a place of unrivaled dignity. I remember once going to the Century Club, and having an enthusiastic member "show me about." It chanced to be on an evening when many men had assembled there. "Look," said my cicerone; "there is So-and-So! There, again, is Thus-and-Thus! There, still again, is So-and-So! There is still again, is So-and-Thus! Where can you find a club as full of noteworthy personages as ours?" Smilingly and rather crushingly I answered him: "In the Union. For every 'personage' you have pointed out to me is also a member of it." The "Century" has now a beautiful home, and is a club of standing. But to compare it with the Union is ridiculous, for the reason that it aims to be literary and is not, aims to be artistic and is not, while really winning its revenue from the purses of rich lawyers, bankers and men of business. Moreover, it is a club utterly snobbish and underbred as regards the election of its candidates. My late father was one of its earliest members—almost one of its founders, in fact—but though I have more than once been requested, in past days, to have my name proposed as a member, I have always refused. Its system of admission I hold to be unjust, even odious. For example, your name may remain two or three years on its rolls without the least notice being taken of it, while other names, written there long after your own, will receive, for purely partisan reasons, respectful attention. This is ungentlemanlike, and the "Century" should be ashamed of such a system. In the Union nothing of the sort takes place. Your name is considered according to its turn on the list. If you are judged ineligible, or if you are "passed over," that is another affair. Such method is one of the numerous claims possessed, I think, by the Union Club for being the American club of gentlemen. There is no other that really approaches it. Of course the Knickerbocker is merely a junior Union. The Union League and Manhattan are political clubs. The Metropolitan, superb for upholstery and general luxuriance, has yet failed to secure, I believe, the patronage with which future years may amply dower it. The University has achieved a most creditable record, and one which abounds in promise. But the Union Club can afford to dispense with promise, since it is so rich in actuality. It is considerably over fifty years old; it is recognized and admired both here in London and among most of the important continental cities; its excellent service and fine *cuisine* could set an example to some of the best clubs in Pall Mall; and (more than all, perhaps) it not only has many members of high status who belong to it, but many who constantly go to it and use it and are fond of it with a genuine fondness. I only hope Mr. Seward's successor as its president will be one well worthy to occupy his vacant chair.

"First Nights" in London theaters are very different from our own. Yesterday, a week before the "White Heather" will be brought out at Drury Lane, I found it impossible to obtain a seat for money, and therefore resolved to try love and money mixed. I wrote to the manager, telling him that I was a contributor to *COLLIER'S WEEKLY* (which is exceedingly well known here) and hinting my desire to commemorate the *premiere* of so important a performance in a journal of so important a kind. My letter was sent to Drury Lane by messenger, and accompanied with the price of the stall. But such effort was useless—or so, at least, I found it. Every stall in the house, I was very politely informed, had been already engaged. Soon afterward I learned (it seems incredible, yet is doubtless true) that I was one of *three thousand other applicants thus disappointed*. I could have been accommodated with a balcony seat, but for this, chiefly because of its location, I did not care. The truth is, nearly all orchestra stalls are given away to critics and distinguished people on the first nights of notable London plays. Sir Henry

Irving, at his delightful "Lyceum," never "sells," unless I am greatly wrong, a single stall, and it is probable that then most of his boxes are also gifts to friends. But, of course, everybody knows the prodigal generosity of Sir Henry. His friends are simply legion. It seems to me that there was never a man of note so universally beloved. In England there are people, of course, who have "opinions" about him as an artist, but there are no people on whom his calm, intellectual face has ever amicably beamed, unwilling to swear by him as the prince of courteous gentlemen. Such he unquestionably is. His position here is far beyond that of any actor who has ever lived in England. Garrick, and all the rest, never held a social place that approached his own. It is not only that his amazing abilities are recognized. The worlds of Art, of Letters, and of fashion besides, bow before him. Perhaps of all Nineteenth Century poetic thinkers, Robert Browning became his peer in popularity. But Browning, from all that I have heard, had not Sir Henry's personal fascination. He chose to receive adulation, to go into society, to be lionized by duchesses and their followers. But Irving has wealth, which Browning did not have, and so holds his own in a similar yet different way. His rank as an artist throughout all England is literally royal. As a citizen it is so high that I do not believe the selectest club in Pall Mall would refuse to admit him there, provided he cared for any such additional *cordon*. As it is, he is a member of the "Athenaeum," and of several other London clubs more or less honored and famed.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton tells me that her new novel, "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times," has actually "made her" here, and that not only has it been greeted with great geniality by many London journals but that it has caused her to receive numerous fresh offers for literary work. I have already written, in these columns, concerning the strength and shine of "Patience." Meanwhile Mrs. Atherton informs me that all American reviews, except one in the Boston "Herald," have proved stoutly adverse. This author is extremely fortunate in finding herself a prophet outside her own country. Most American novelists, when they are disregarded in Broadway get very little satisfaction from Piccadilly. Mr. Bret Harte, I should say, is the only American author who can now afford to shrug his shoulders at any neglect which his native land may reveal. Surely his career has been amazing. More than twenty-five years ago he made his reputation, and for many years since he has lived on English soil. Yet all this time he has been an extremely prolific writer, pouring forth long or short novelettes. These have constantly dealt with the atmosphere and doings of the Far West. In his own country he retains a vogue, yet one far slighter than that of the past. But in England, I hear, he is highly esteemed, and commands very large prices for his work. How he can possibly keep up these copious descriptions of climes and manners which he has not personally known for a quarter of a century seems curious enough. To go on, as he does, writing of Occidental gamblers, desperadoes, bushwhackers, gold-diggers, in a country where every such type, if found there at all, is as much of an itinerant curiosity as the King of Siam, flavors at least of oddity. Surely his career is unique. And if he so loves these regions as to make them the constant theme of his fiction, why should he have no desire to revisit them? Past doubt he must by this time have become "anglicized" in spirit, apart from taste. His stories, as I recall them, in earlier days, were often powerful, and their humor was of course incontestable. But the persistent cult which they have secured here is an irritating proof, nevertheless, of English literary caprice. London simply turns up its nose at all novels which deal in American metropolitan life. New York, Boston, New Orleans, and even Chicago fail to interest it. What solely interests it is the undeveloped, the raw, the illiterate, the provincial—the wilds of Arizona, Dakota, Nevada, California. And even for these it has often but a languid glance. It prefers to stare at its own reflection in its own inky Thames. Paris does the same thing with her Seine, but then Paris has a splendid excuse, for she sees there Zola and Daudet, not to mention others. Whom does London see, just now? Mr. Hall Caine, for one, and Miss Marie Corelli for another. A fine spectacle, truly!

"The Saturday Review" in former times, as we all know, was often both insolent and unjust. But of late it has become scurrilous, or has permitted to become so one of its contributors, a certain Mr. Herbert Vivian. He pours abuse upon Professor Max Müller (whose name he insists upon spelling Mueller, as though it made the least difference!) in a way that is merely silly. *Apropos* of that gentleman's rather ill-advised article on "Royalties" in the September "Cosmopolitan," Mr. Vivian becomes ill-advised in a far sadder degree. He begins his shillelah-flourishing, for example, by such calisthenics as these: "Among the consequences of possessing a royal family which has been made in Germany must be numbered the pinchbeck importance conferred upon every sausage-eating beer-bibber who chooses to forsake his Fatherland and claim our too catholic hospitality." And so on till you feel as if you had been assisting in a street fight, and one not far from Whitechapel as well. "Groveling snobbery" is among Mr. Vivian's mildest phrases. For example, he proceeds: "If Herr Mueller had really secured the intimacy of royalty" (by the way, can you secure the intimacy of any one?) "it would be sufficiently bad taste on his part to proclaim the details of it in periodicals. But when I find that he has only been admitted on sufferance, and that his reminiscences have a distinct aroma of the servant's hall, it is my foot rather than my hand that I am tempted to outstretch." There is elegant English and English elegance, truly! "The Saturday Review" should be proud of it.

There is no doubt that Professor Max Müller's article was a most unfortunate venture. Though the Nineteenth Century is almost at an end, royal personages are still besieged by toadies and sycophants. If you visit them or dine with them you are not expected to mention it, and if you do mention it, except under severe interrogative pressure, you are instantly set down as a snob. But Professor Müller, a man of wide

reputation and well-accredited scholarship, has drifted into the imprudence of not only mentioning such facts but of printing them, in that most fatal of all forms, the "gossiping" one. For a man of his years and accomplishments he has certainly made himself ridiculous. But far less so than the "Saturday Review," through this Mr. Herbert Vivian, since though Professor Müller may deserve satirical rebuke he surely does not deserve *crass* *billingsgate*.

If the Professor is now a poor man—and I know nothing whatever concerning his financial state—there may have been a most stringent temptation brought to bear upon him. For he has met, in his life, on more or less friendly terms, Frederick William IV. of Prussia, Frederick III., the Prince of Wales, the late Duke of Albany, the late Prince Consort, his father, the King of Sweden and the Emperor of Brazil. Strong public longing for personalities made just such an article as this very valuable. He should not have written it at all, for he has held and still holds a high position among the scholars of Europe. He had the faculty of investing his erudition with a most comprehensive popularity, and at the same time there was nothing in his books even vaguely "dangerous." Hence they have been of precisely the sort that intelligent yet orthodox and conventional people find keenly attractive. Such people, when they can safely be called intelligent at all, Royalties are oftenest found. Those who welcomed the Professor no doubt did so with genuine zest. But to mention the fourth Prussian Frederick William as "a man of exceptional talent, say a man of genius," and then soon afterward add: "He knew all about my volume of the Rig Veda," surely lacks discretion! This, however, though it may be comic from the viewpoint of *amour propre*, is not comic from that of toadism (one cannot avoid the word), like our Professor's game of *whist* with the Prince of Wales. When a young man, the Prince, in his residence at Frewen Hall, Oxford, played *whist* with the Professor. "The Prince maintained," he declares, "that I had calculated my points wrongly, but not being a *courtier* I held my own and actually appealed to General Bruce. When he decided in my favor the Prince graciously handed me my sixpence, which I have ever since kept among my treasures." I supposed, by the way, that Professor Müller was able to write more careful English than he does. A few lines above the passage which I have just quoted occurs this sentence: "Among the things which I treasure in my memory I may at least produce one small *treasure*, a sixpence which I won from his Royal Highness at *whist*." This is the kind of composition that one might expect from Royalties before their *literary fellers*' had gone over their copy. It reminds me, by the way, of the following sentence lately born from that flawless purist and stylist, Mr. Andrew Lang—he who is forever sneering at the work of his contemporaries, though usually under cover of anonymity. This time, however, he signs, in the "Daily News," an article on the subject of Sir William Wallace, which any boy of eighteen, with the help of a biographical dictionary, could have scribbled, and in it we are told of Wallace that "on his return he found all Scotland returned to the English allegiance." Slips like this we can pardon in the prose of inferior writers, but in a great pun, a great novelist, a great poet and a Jovian critic like Mr. Lang they really make us almost tearful.

I have just been seeing "In the Days of the Duke," at the *Adelphi*. It is called a grand success by all the newspapers here in London, and I suppose it is. Mr. Frohman (whom they now call Mr. To-and-Frohman) will probably buy the American rights of it, and in New York, which theatrically means America, it will stand a pretty good chance of being a failure. Done admirably at the *Adelphi*, it is not a meritorious play at all. It is loosely constructed, devoid of literary strength, and sometimes cheaply spectacular. Its argument is of the *Monte Cristo* sort. A great wrong has been dealt the father of the hero; he is even assassinated in the most brutal way before the eyes of the audience. The villain triumphs as usual, through four acts, but his downfall and death are not brought about by his own wickedness becoming retroactive, and he dies on the battlefield of Waterloo with considerable glory. At the same time, "In the Days of the Duke" contains several very effective scenes. One is the ball of the Duchess of Richmond, given in Brussels on the eve of that fearful fight which overthrew the greatest soldier of modern history. We all remember Byron's lines:

"There was a sound of revelry by night
And Belgium's capital had gathered there
Her beauty and her chivalry" . . .

You see both beauty and chivalry at the *Adelphi* ball, and, what is more, you see a magnificent Highland fling, danced by supposed soldiers of the Ninety-Second Regiment, which, because of its having been raised on the Duke of Gordon's estate, was called the "Gordon Highlanders." It is historic, I believe, that the Duchess of Richmond, who was the Duke of Gordon's sister, having great pride both in her brother and her country (Scotland, of course), elected to entertain her guests with a Highland fling. . . . Then there is a fine interior portrayal of a vicious gambling-house in the *Palais Royal* in 1814. . . . Then there is a duel somewhere in the environs of Paris, richly realistic. . . . Then there is the field of Waterloo, after all has ended, and the Iron Duke has saved his country from a humiliation whose enormity, even at this late date, could ill be calculated. Ghouls come in, while a crimson sunset flares over the levels of Belgian landscape, and steal their valuables from corpse after corpse. This is thrilling and superb. It is worthy of Victor Hugo in conception, and it is very like some of his more lurid poetry.

If "In the Days of the Duke" cannot be called much more than a red-fire melodrama, it deserves, on the other hand, a great deal of praise for the consummate skill, grace and tact with which it is presented. I have said that it would probably be a failure if done in America. And why? Simply because such a company as that which has it in hand at the *Adelphi* could not possibly be procured by any New York manager. Mr. William Terriss, though not a great actor, is a marvelously felicitous one. My sole reason for stating that he is not great is the lack of alteration in his moods; he has ex-

quisite dignity and distinction, but I do not perceive in him the one supremely requisite quality of exaltation. Still, his equal in this part could not be found overseas. Miss Marion Terry, too, is perfection. Her resemblance, in face, voice and manner, to her more famous sister is incessant. Nevertheless she possesses a marked individuality, and her training is perfect. It seems to me that I have hit on the right word when I write "training." That is the secret of so many mediocre plays succeeding here while they fall wholly or relatively flat with us. English actors in the main, if you please, are not more talented than ours. The English are not a race of "born" actors, like the French, Italians and Spanish. But they have learned, as our actors have not, the tremendous necessity of continual and severe study. The cast of "In the Days of the Duke" comprises nearly forty speaking parts, yet there is not one which shows the slightest shadow of unfitness. It is all a matter of the most careful selection, and you feel this while you listen and watch. If you don't get poignant ability, you get taste, and is there anything, after all, more delicious than taste? I am confident that I would not have sat through "In the Days of the Duke," last night, if I had been called upon to witness it at a New York theater. Its most glaring faults would have grown unendurable through the very absence of this element of taste in its rendition. Is it not Emerson who somewhere says—"Through taste we are saved"?

In a recent edition of the Paris "New York Herald" I find: "Washington, Sept. 15.—A New York paper having published a statement that the Navy Department had worked out a plan of a naval war with Spain, the Assistant Secretary, Mr. Roosevelt, has officially pronounced the statement untrue; but in doing so he added this interesting piece of information: that the Navy Department has not worked out any problem of warfare with any nation except England, and that was two years ago. It worked out such a problem when the Venezuelan question was at its height. This shows how strained the relations were between the two countries at that time."

Charming, delightful! The Mr. Roosevelt (which ever one of the many Mr. Roosevelts he may be) who has "officially pronounced" this statement cannot fail to realize that he adds another fagot to the fire that foolish hands have set burning. It is inconceivable to me that any American gentleman, at this period of the world's progress, should have permitted himself to sign so rancorous a piece of jingoism. More than once I have lately heard thoughtful Englishmen deplore this same spirit, though always with courtesy and sobriety tingeing their regret. Let us for an instant imagine the wild fury of our own citizens if they heard it "officially pronounced" by British sources that the last four or five men-of-war had been constructed for the chief purpose of attacking ourselves. I can hear Maine shriek to California and Oregon roar to Florida. The silver question would be temporarily nowhere. Mr. Anthony Comstock would omit, for a whole week, to make himself smell of chloride of lime, and even Mr. Gilder would forget to accept one of his own "poems" for the "Century Magazine." . . . I sometimes think there are men in our country who would not care much if "whole hecatombs of lives" were sacrificed, provided they could personally secure, through war, the "cares" they crave. To dig up the Venezuelan matter again, after its peaceful burial, is pure atrocity. Here are some lines which I wrote on that same subject two years ago, which I have not chosen to print heretofore, and which may serve as a reminder to "Mr. Roosevelt," and others of a like spirit, what horrors their madness plays with:

CLEVELAND'S MESSAGE.

(December, 1866.)

Malignant from delirious eyes
War, the dark angel, flashed surprise.
No longer did he deign to scan
The victories of blood-gorged Japan.
Old China, groveling in the dust,
Appeased no more his tiger lust.
No more with keen delight he heard
Armenia's shriek below the Kurd.
He joyed no more while Cuba's pain
Throbbed in the toils of tyrant Spain.
For lo, a hardier transport, now,
Gloomed with fresh night his baleful brow.
He saw in dreams dread scenes outroll
Far dearer to his bestial soul.
Two nations, lordliest that the sun
Of civilization shines upon,
He marked in folly and fury meet,
With blasts of death from fort and fleet.
He saw great seaboard cities rock,
Torn by the mad shell's gutting shock.
The vast Atlantic flushed with gore
Canadian and Floridian shore.
Palsied in every port had grown
The mightiest commerce earth has known.
In mine and factory, farm and mart,
Stilled was the pulse of labor's heart.
Sweet Learning roamed, like one distraught,
Her shattered sanctuaries of thought.
Art, in the halls where havoc swept,
O'er shrines of ruined idols wept.
Grieved Science watched his choicest gain
Turn engines of brute slaughter's reign.
And all this time, by land or sea,
Two nations more sublimely free
Than ever yet the sacred sun
Of civilization beamed upon,
(Daring long centuries to forget
Their crime) like two coarse cut-throats met!

This dream of horror, shame and hate,
War, the dark angel, dreamed elate,
And wakening, thrilled by bitter glee,
Laughed with an infinite irony,
While poignant through the laugh's fierce blare
Shot hisses from his viperous hair!



IN THE GLOAMING.—PAINTED BY F. A. BRIDGMAN.



OPENING OF THE RABBIT-HUNTING SEASON.

J. Oliver Nugent.

Be sure you get Pears.

otic outside of their pockets; they would leave the country lest they be required to help support it. Contractors would steal, especially at first; but if the nation was in earnest, the punishment given to these pickpockets would presently diminish that drain. Upon the whole, manhood would come more and more to the front in this country; and by degrees we might hope to see traces of noble and unselfish ideals rising into view. Peace has slackened or rotted the bonds that hold the States together, and nourished cynicism and sordidness; war, or preparation for it on a large scale, would sweeten and sharpen the air, and brace us together in a common purpose. What we need above all things in America is civic virtue and conscience; and nothing would be so apt to develop these as the condition which we are imagining. What we need least—what, indeed, injures us most—is the spread of luxury, dudism, and fashionable extravagance; and if we were straining our energies to accomplish a great end, such vices would be sloughed off. They are vices born of having nothing worth doing to do; and that we have a harder and healthier instinct is shown by the popularity which outdoor games have attained since the exhaustion of the Civil War wore off. The men and women who ride bicycles to-day would march in or work for the army to-morrow, if the opportunity was given them.

The Conquest of Florida.

But, assuming that the bustle and stimulus of preparation for war were on the whole beneficial to the nation, leaving enough industrial workers free to carry on the manufactures and cultivation that our needs demanded, what prospect would there be that we embark on such an enterprise? Almost none at all. Men whose lifelong activities have been devoted to selfish pursuits of whatever kind would dislike the outlook; and such men are in the vast majority here. But though we would not take up the burden spontaneously, yet we may conceive that it might be forced upon us from without. In this connection, one or two current facts are interesting. A seemingly extravagant story was set on foot last week, which declared that Spanish officers in Cuba were looking with covetous eyes on Florida, only ninety miles away; and believed that it would be an easy and glorious matter to capture it back from us and introduce there the government and the practices which have made all Spanish possessions, and Spain itself, the model and envy of the civilized world. The notion strikes us as vastly amusing; but it would be by no means impossible to land an army in Florida which it would cost us a good deal of money and trouble to dislodge; which would make us the byword of Europe whether it were dislodged or not; and which, if some other European State should happen to take the fancy to assist it, might be the beginning of a very serious complication indeed. I said the other day that no nation in the world could afford war with us; but Spain is, just now, precisely such an anomalous aggregation of political rotteness and desperation as that the adventure, under certain circumstances, might appear highly attractive to it. Now when the foot of the invader had actually polluted our soil, which we are pleased to call free, there would be a good chance of our making an effort to become free in reality. And when the mind of the nation was once turned in the direction of military effort, we should probably enter upon the work with the same energy and ardor which we now expend upon industry, commerce, and politics. We would never be content until we had not only cleared our country of the foreign vermin with guns and pikehauses, but had established upon a sound footing the best-equipped and most formidable army and navy in the world. And by the time that was done, we should be much more like Rome of old, Sparta, and Spain herself when she ousted the Moors, than we are now.

THE story which our General tells of the camp in Europe is calm and comfortable on the surface; but its reticence on certain subjects prompts one to read between the lines. He gives a satisfactory account of the drill and personnel of the various armies, and varies his praise in such a way as to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of any of the competing nations. The French are skillful and earnest, the Germans well drilled, the Russians highly educated, and so on. All in common are adequate in point of numbers, and their arms, though differing in details, are of practically the same efficiency. When it comes to a comparison between our own military strength and that of Europe, the General remarks that there are thousands of men still living in this country who have seen more downright hard fighting in the field than anybody in Europe. He also says, that, calculating on the basis of one fighting man in five of the population, we should be able to put upward of twelve million men in the field. But he goes on to observe that what is really wanted is not so much men as weapons to put in their hands. Not in a few weeks or months can rifles of the proper pattern be manufactured; and coast defenses would take years to complete. There the General stops. But it is obvious that if war is coming, it is not likely to be postponed till we are ready for it; and it is also plain that no matter how long it may be postponed, we should still be unprepared; because our legislature will not order the work done until the immediate necessity for the results of the work are apparent. In other words, were Europe to attack us, there would be, from the military point of view, no chance for us; if two of the nations were to combine, or if only one of the stronger ones were to invade us, the odds would be anything but in our favor. We are a great nation, and a warlike one; but while we have the world to fight against, we have nothing of account to fight any appreciable part of the world with.

General Miles.

The question then arises, is it the part of wisdom for us to vote enormous credits and out-door Europe? The General is a soldier, and perhaps thinks that we should. Of course the recognition of the obligation, and our fulfillment of it, are two very different things. We ought to do many things which we do not. But it can do no harm to ask counsel of perfection. No doubt we might raise the thousand millions or so which would suffice to set the work on foot. If money now wasted or stolen by public servants and others could be utilized, we should perceive little if any burden from the tax. But the issuing of immense army-supply contracts would open the doors to more peculation, instead of shutting those already ajar. We should be doing well if we got three-fourths of the value of our outlay in the things we laid it out for. Many men who are now idle or insufficiently employed would have work; but it would be work that produced only means of destruction. Twelve million of the ablest men would be party or wholly withdrawn from productive industries. Many of these industries would become anæmic, the capital which is their life-blood being withdrawn. But other industries would be stimulated—those producing articles of real use, as opposed to luxuries. The wages of labor would probably increase faster in proportion than the price of commodities. The millionaire-blight would mainly cease; men of millions are not as a rule patri-

Shall We Get Ready? The question then arises, is it the part of wisdom for us to vote enormous credits and out-door Europe? The General is a soldier, and perhaps thinks that we should. Of course the recognition of the obligation, and our fulfillment of it, are two very different things. We ought to do many things which we do not. But it can do no harm to ask counsel of perfection. No doubt we might raise the thousand millions or so which would suffice to set the work on foot. If money now wasted or stolen by public servants and others could be utilized, we should perceive little if any burden from the tax. But the issuing of immense army-supply contracts would open the doors to more peculation, instead of shutting those already ajar. We should be doing well if we got three-fourths of the value of our outlay in the things we laid it out for. Many men who are now idle or insufficiently employed would have work; but it would be work that produced only means of destruction. Twelve million of the ablest men would be party or wholly withdrawn from productive industries. Many of these industries would become anæmic, the capital which is their life-blood being withdrawn. But other industries would be stimulated—those producing articles of real use, as opposed to luxuries. The wages of labor would probably increase faster in proportion than the price of commodities. The millionaire-blight would mainly cease; men of millions are not as a rule patri-

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Reforms in Peace.

The difficulty of carrying out political reforms without such cogent external pressure as we have been supposing, is shown in our present mayoralty contest. A temporary improvement is indeed observable. Vice has so far paid homage to virtue, that not one only, but several of the candidates, are men of more than the average reputation for political integrity. Men like Platt, whose faculty of management combined with shameless unscrupulousness have made them the prominent factors in the situation, are shrewd enough not to try to know that quiet pocket-picking is better business, in the long run, than highway robbery with violence. It is because of this sagacity that they have succeeded in so corrupting us; no man of the world can withhold a smile when any reference to the possibility of political honesty is ventured in his hearing. The thing has come to seem absolutely fabulous; and consequently, dishonesty no longer carries the stigma that once it did. How often does one hear the remark, when some scoundrel in public life is under discussion—"Well, anyhow, we must give him credit: he did up those other fellows in great shape!" The honest man is a fool, and the knaves inherit the earth. On the other hand (as Robert Ingersoll remarked the other day) reformers are apt to be narrow-minded and bigoted; their plans are impracticable, and they can look at nothing but their single pet idea. That is to say, the honest men are fools very often. Americans demand a certain democratic ruggedness and masculine stamina in their leaders; and this is more often found in conjunction with disregard of morality than the other way. It takes extraordinary qualities to make long hair go in public life in this country. As soon as we see it we begin to grin, and nudge one another to watch developments. Reformers are not men of humor as a body, and we distrust that deficiency. But meantime we are not excusable for ignoring the existence of men who have all the good qualities of the rascals, and are honest too. Such a man, no doubt, is Seth Low; and if there were no other reason for thinking so, the frantic opposition of Platt would be conclusive by itself.

It is not, of course, Mr. Low's ability that Majority Timber.

any one, even Platt, finds objectionable; it is the notorious fact that his abilities are not for sale, and that he will be obedient, never to political managers, but only to honest principles. Such a combination is impossible in the political arrangements of a person of the Platt sort. He must destroy him at any cost. Therefore, in his extremity, he chooses a man who is considered honest as this world goes, and who could obtain the prestige of the good word of the President. Why we should be such snobs as to care what the President thinks of candidates for our Mayoralty is perhaps known to Platt better than to others; the fact remains that this puff direct from the White House seems likely to do Mr. Tracy more good than harm. But Mr. Tracy is old in politics; he recognizes the practical value of the machine; he does not believe that the masses of people in the street who pile up the votes can be controlled by appeals to their higher instincts, even when accompanied by demonstrations of ultimate benefit to their backs and bellies. He thinks that they more regard a dollar in the hand than general municipal prosperity three or four years hence. He would not, of course, approve of bribery or ballot-stuffing; but when he goes into the race his concern is not with those things, but with the exposition on the platform of the good things he means to do for Greater New York. Such a man as this Platt believes he can manage; corruption is never so content or successful as when making capital from well-intentioned but pliable tools—of men concerning whom people will say, "I know he is a good man, so whatever is done under shadow of his name must be substantially right."—The serpentine sagacity of Platt has been ably imitated by Tammany, who put up an apparently good man in Van Wyck; he has been a good lawyer and believes he can make a good Mayor; but Tammany thinks that he will not have time or knowledge of political methods sufficient to enable him to prevent the "boys" from getting their share. They will help him do nice things for the city, in the way of liquor laws, schools and rapid transit, and they meanwhile will softly pocket the usual percentage on contracts. The Democracy and the Republicans being thus arrayed, with Low on the outside, we have left the picturesque and lovable figure of Henry George, sailing on his own keel.

Upon the face of things, one would expect The Van Wyck to win, with Tracy second, Low third, and George last. George is certainly the least practical of the four in his pronunciamento. Compared with them he seems a dreamer. He is not preoccupied, like Van Wyck, with visions of the material splendor of Greater New York—its bridges, railways, streets and public buildings. He is thinking of equal benefits for all; that is, for all workers with head or hand or both. He is meditating the overthrow of that most corrupt and ignoble form of despotism which exists nowhere but in free America, whereby the dregs of the population, morally and mentally, bear rule over the rest, and bully and outrage them at their pleasure. He longs to shatter the power of corporations and trusts; and, in short, to do all the lovely things



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which we like so well to think of, but which very few of us ever think of quite seriously. How can such a dreamer dream of winning the mayoralty of such a city as contemporary New York? Could anything seem more hopeless or absurd? Yet we may remember that when the appeal is to a large body of men, and is addressed to their better nature, it has sometimes occasioned the most amazing subversals of all common-sense calculations. When Pilate gave up that unfriended Jewish youth to the crucifiers, he did not suspect the effect which the more than Utopian doctrines professed by the vagrant would have upon the history of the world. When Mahomet's acquaintances marked the insane vagaries of the cavern-dwelling visionary, they never felt premonitions of the marvelous, well-nigh incredible, destiny of the Faith of Islam. It is not intended to compare these personages with our own high-minded, single-minded George; but to recall the effect which "impracticable" but uncompromisingly pure and lofty doctrines have had upon the human race. Why such doctrines influence at one time and not at others we cannot tell; the point is, that we never can tell when they will and when they won't. The period of Christ's ministry was probably the most corrupt and wicked in the history of this earth. Mahomet had to deal with people who had never betrayed the least capacity for becoming the conquerors of Europe. Neither of them had a machine to back him; they acted in the teeth of all the machinery then extant. George has neither money nor pull of any sort; he is foredoomed by all the familiar signs to total failure; what in the name of common sense has he to offer to the multitude, that they should follow him? Why, very little, in the name of common sense; but that may be his strong point. We are living in a singular age, replete with vast, grotesque contrasts. George's appeal is to the poor people—not the poorest, but to the people who have to work hard to live. These people are more open to operations of the "spirit" than any other class; they have lived near the ragged edge of things, and have witnessed what seemed to them singular providences and mysterious dispensations. They are not wholly content with things as they are, and they believe that some higher Power



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may ordain changes beyond the scope or prophecy of common sense. This is the class of people from whom the material for great revolutions has always come. There are signs, more or less obscure, which suggest that possibly a revolution—not of the violent sort, but a revolution nevertheless—awaits us not far away; and it may begin right here in New York with the election of George as Mayor. Looking at the thing from a practical standpoint, I do not see how George could make an efficient or useful Mayor; but possibly the increase of our municipal power and splendor is not the design which Providence has most at heart just at present. As a Mayor, it seems to me that Low is by far the most desirable candidate; but his chances are almost nil, because he has only the respectable citizens behind him—and not all even of them. If Van Wyck or Tracy is elected, New York will be very much the same sort of easy, pleasant, cynical and irresponsible city that we have always known it. If Low could be elected, we should see solid improvements in many ways, and many more attempts which were defeated. But if George is elected, New York will not be an agreeable residence for the next four years. We shall see some strange things here. As a man who enjoys peace and quiet, I do not wish to see him win; but if you put me on my conscience, I would sooner vote for him than for the others; and if I said what I think, I should say that nothing would surprise me less than his success.

The **Aerolite**. How quaint an event it is, that this iron messenger from space, after lying hundreds of years in Arctic snows, should at last have brought its voiceless message safe to New York. How many million years had it been searching the universe before it landed on earth's shores? Of what planet, shattered to dust before our planet was solid, did it form a part? Surely no guest of ours could be a more complete stranger than this: will no clairvoyant come to our aid, and discover to us its vicissitudes? But no human tongue would be competent to tell that story. What heat, what cold, what light and dark, what awful abysses and remotenesses, what scenes, what silences! And now here it is, in its austere simplicity, in our big mushroom town of yesterday, to which we attach such ridiculous importance. We hammer it, and analyze it (and are rather complimented to discover that it is of just the percentage between steel and nickel that our own experiments had recommended), and are disposed to disbelieve in it; and in a few weeks we shall have forgotten all about it. But the duration of this country, or of Christianity, or of the human race on this globe, would count up but a trifling fraction in the lifetime of this steel nugget from space and chaos and old night. Out from its inconceivable immensities it comes to our chipper littleness; there is no mystic inscription impressed upon its sides; it just is here, and nothing more.

Is it an omen?—a warning?—or did it come only to witness the election of the first Mayor of Greater New York?

SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

M. Cordang, the long-distance champion cyclist of Holland, has succeeded in beating Huret's record for twenty-four hours—namely, 564 miles 1,510 yards—by covering 616 miles 340 yards in the time. Cordang received the assistance of splendid pacing, and each team carried behind them a patent canvas shield to protect the rider from the wind. This is the first time that public use has been made of the wind shield in England. After lowering the twenty-four hours' record, Cordang was persuaded to go on and lower the 1,000 kilos record. He was successful, doing the distance in 24 hours 12 min. 21 sec. 45 sec. The previous record was 40 hours 36 min. 56 sec.

A memorable service was lately held at Ebbs Fleet, at which the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church in England took part, assisted by many of the leading Continental representatives of the Church. The occasion was the Thirteenth Centenary of the meeting of St. Augustine and King Ethelbert, A. D. 597. The service was the Pontifical High Mass of St. Augustine, and was held in a great tent, seating sixteen hundred people, erected near the memorial cross built by the late Lord Granville. The proceedings, which were witnessed by a crowd of some thousands, began with a procession from the robing tents to the solemn strains of the *Miserere*. The procession moved round the field, the numerous princes of the Church coming in for a great deal of reverential attention from the vast throng of spectators. The singing of the anthem was followed by the recitation of the Litany of the Saints, in which the congregation joined, the procession meantime passing into the tent and the members taking

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up their respective positions on each side of the temporary altar.

In the German army maneuvers near Homburg recently the Emperor himself took part, leading the Bavarian cavalry division. The Emperor and Empress and the King and Queen of Italy visited the Empress Frederick at Castle Friederichshof. The Emperor and Empress, accompanied by the King and Queen of Italy and the King of Saxony, left Homburg for the scene of the maneuvers early in the morning of the preceding Friday. The operations began with a brilliant attack by the united cavalry forces upon the Western army, which was completely defeated. Certain Particularist organs in the Bavarian press declare that the action of the German Emperor on September 9 and 10 in assuming command over portions or the whole of the Bavarian contingent "in time of peace" was unconstitutional, being contrary to the stipulations of the Treaty of Versailles, which "only gives the commander-in-chief of the German Confederation the right in time of peace to inspect the Bavarian troops." The Berlin correspondent of the London "Times" says there seems to be more point in the criticisms, which are fairly universal, on the whole scheme and scope of the recent maneuvers. It is asserted that it is absurd, in view of the entire change of tactics which has been necessitated by the development of modern weapons of precision, to launch such vast masses of men against each other—there were over one hundred and twenty thousand in the field—as were assembled at the recent maneuvers.

DEBS' LATEST.

Mr. Eugene V. Debs, who has a genius for devising things unexpected, as well as for not doing them, has evolved a new scheme for providing occupation for the unemployed. He is reported to be making a proposition to construct a seventy-five-mile railroad in Tennessee, the cost to be merely nominal compared with that of existing roads; the expense has been figured at four thousand dollars per mile. If Mr. Debs can really do this he may feel assured of steady occupation, all over the country, for as many of the competent unemployed as he can find, and the railway companies will pay him a handsome commission for his services. Railroads costing only four thousand dollars per mile would yield a profit even in Granger-ridden States, but the companies do not know how to get them; at present the rails, plates, spikes and ties for a mile of single-track road cost fully four thousand dollars, to say nothing of right of way—about a thousand acres to the mile—preparation of road-bed, building of bridges, culverts, etc. If the "Social Democracy of America" intends to remain under its present leadership and doesn't wish to be laughed at, it should give to Mr. Debs a common-school textbook of arithmetic, and put him under bonds to study it.

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